

HIT PARADER

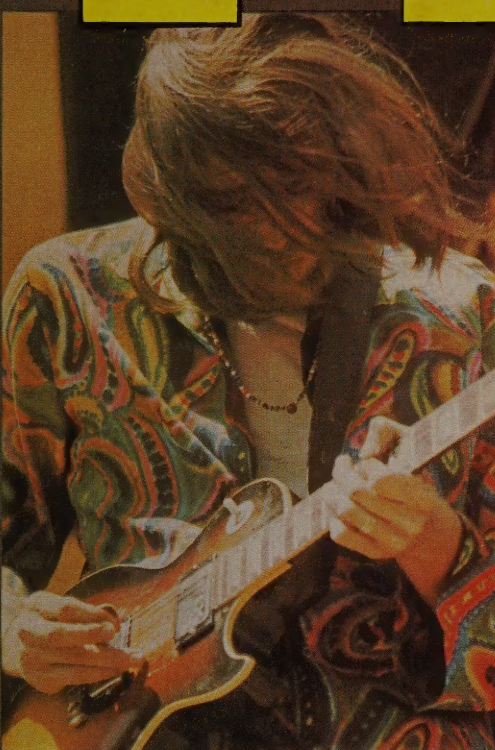
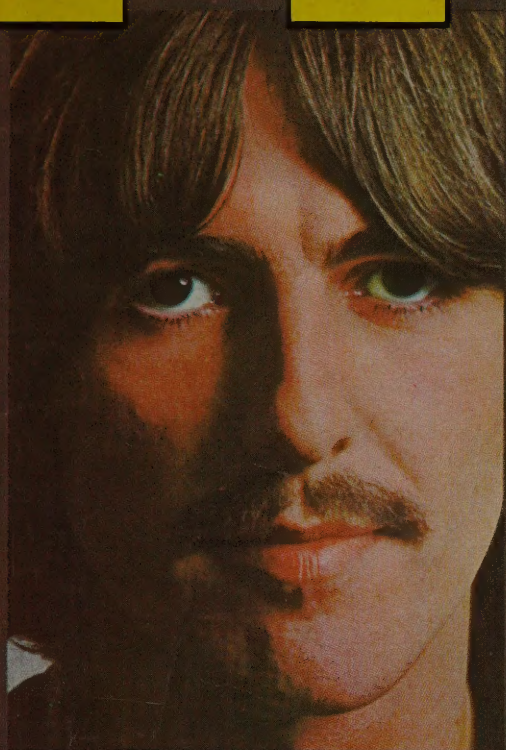
**SPECIAL
GUITAR
ISSUE**

35¢

CDC

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

JULY 1969



a short history of the guitar
john kay of steppenwolf
beatles' most daring step
jimmy page's led zeppelin
canned heat's henry vestline
final goodbye from cream
pete townshend as composer
alvin lee of ten years after



THE WEIGHT

SWEET CHERRY WINE

I'LL TRY SOMETHING NEW

MY WHOLE WORLD ENDED

LOVIN' THINGS

MAYBE TOMORROW

DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME

THESE ARE NOT MY PEOPLE

ROCK ME

DAY AFTER DAY

I GOT A LINE ON YOU

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

AM I THE SAME GIRL

ANYTHING YOU CHOOSE

THE LETTER

A LOVER'S QUESTION

I DON'T KNOW WHY

RUNAWAY CHILD

TIME OF THE SEASON

HEAVEN

SOULSHAKE

TEARDROP CITY

THERE'LL COME A TIME

PLUS:

JIMI HENDRIX

FLEETWOOD

MAC-

LISTENING

• PICTURES I HEAR • SHOPPING BAG • PLATTER CHATTER • THE SCENE •

Glen Campbell

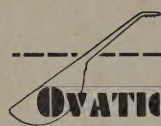
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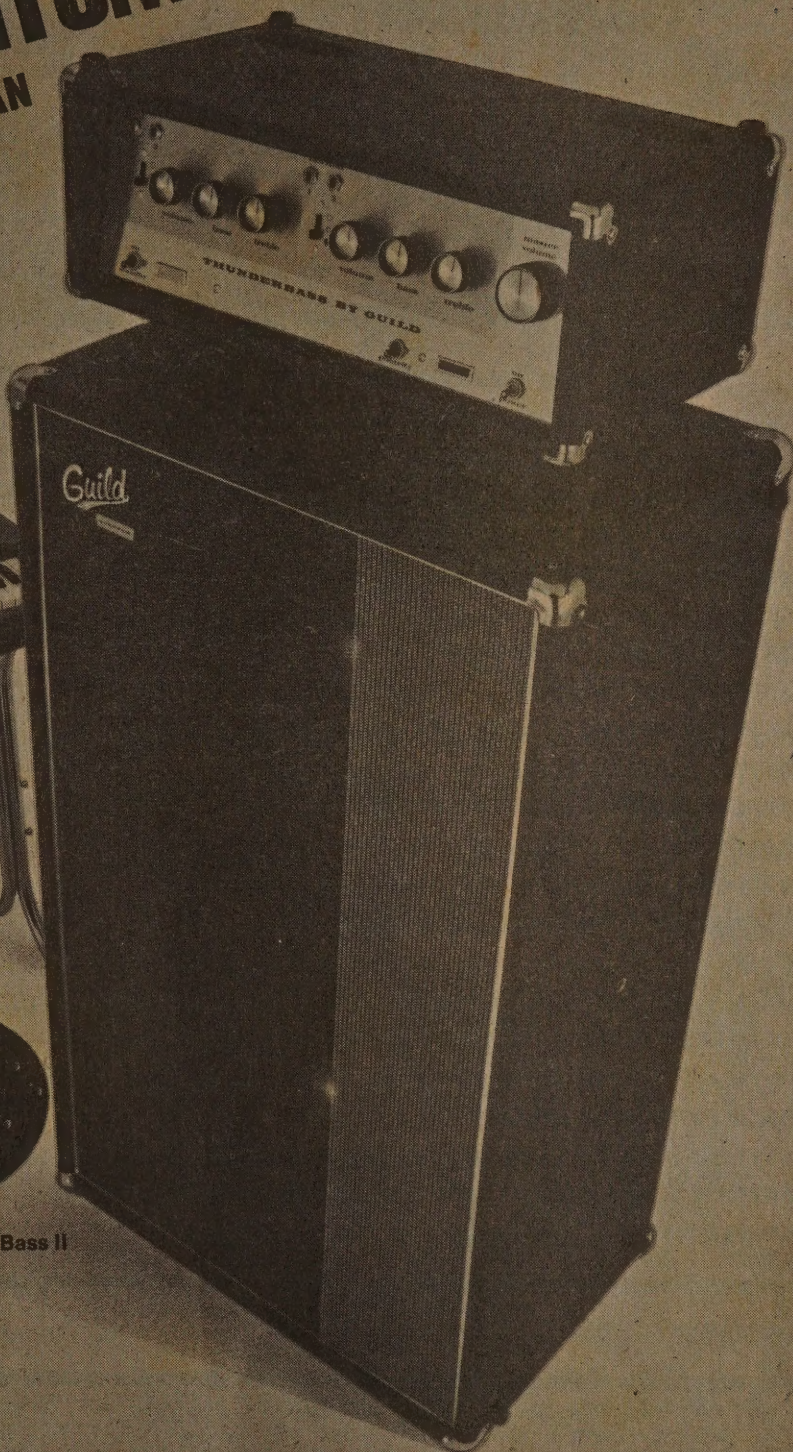
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JULY 1969

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• ANYTHING YOU CHOOSE



By Spanky & Our Gang

• MY WHOLE WORLD ENDED



By David Ruffin

• I GOT A LINE ON YOU



By Spirit

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
.....
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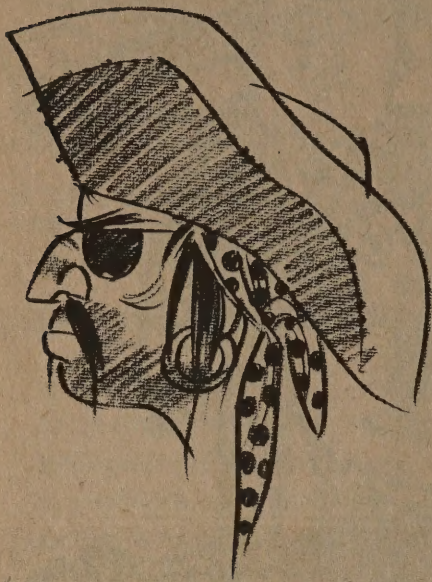
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THE SCENE/WBIZ FM Eau Claire, Wisconsin

A year ago, 'pop' music station WBIZ, in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, initiated the first progressive music program in the Upper Midwest. This move was taken in order to provide an opportunity to 'air' some of the outstanding new material on the market, which format stipulations forbade on our regular programs.

The Dream Machine, the name given our program, also experiments with revolutionary programming techniques. The program was first aired on Wednesday evenings from 11 to midnight. This was soon expanded to Monday nights, as well as the Wednesday program.

At first the program used no live announcer, but was given a personality of its own through the use of special technical effects. In the spring of this year, the program evolved to an hour and a half and a live announcer was used occasionally to introduce new material. This step was taken due to audience curiosity concerning the selections and artists.

Today the Dream Machine is heard Monday and Wednesday evenings between 9:30 and midnight. Since its beginning, the program has incorporated its own philosophy on contemporary life by means of pre-recorded thought-provoking statements. These, coupled with information about the music has made the Dream Machine a prime medium of social commentary.

The Dream Machine is the brain-child of Steve Kane, WBIZ Music Director, who through the use of an independent production agency, Tri-S Prod., previews the material and produces the technical effects and social comment.

Criteria for the selection of music aired on the Dream Machine is based on the recommendations of the Dream Machine staff and Tri-S Prod. A review board of three auditions all material received by the various WBIZ record sources.

An attempt is made to choose recordings which are superior either musically or lyrically, hopefully both. These are placed into two categories, 'Must be Aired' because of their exceptional quality, and 'Good.'

This music includes not only 'Rock' in nature, but is also exceptional music in the 'Folk,' 'Country' and Contemporary 'Classics'. This permits the use of virtually any style of music which is considered 'exceptional' by the Dream Machine staff.

Through the Dream Machine, the upper Midwest has been exposed to a great number of new artists and music which has later gone to the top of the charts.

Debut sounds on the Dream Machine include: The Vanilla Fudge; Status Quo; Steppenwolf; Cream; Jimi Hendrix; Don Fardon; Jeanne C. Riley; Arthur Brown; Canned Heat; Deep Purple; Big Brother and the Holding Co.; Moody Blues; Avant Garde; Jose Feliciano; Iron Butterfly and Amboy Dukes.

In most cases, these groups and their respective hit records were heard first on the Dream Machine, months before being discovered by Top 40 stations.

We feel this program provides great exposure for new groups with new sounds and gives this area distinctive radio programming which, although growing steadily, is lacking in many parts of the nation.

The Dream Machine is heard on WBIZ fm, West Central Wisconsin's most powerful station with 100,000 watts. WBIZ fm has a tower almost 1,000 feet high and covers a great portion of western Wisconsin and eastern Minnesota, including the Minneapolis, St. Paul area. The prime coverage area in Wisconsin includes a population of over 1,000,000 and the Wisconsin State University campuses of Eau Claire, Menomonie, River Falls and Stevens Point. The Wisconsin State University system is the sixth largest in the U. S. in enrollment.

Steve Kane, WBIZ music director gave his impressions of the future of top 40 radio.

"I don't think Top 40 radio will be destroyed by progressive rock. I do, however, think progressive rock will become an integral part of the Top 40 scene. This should greatly improve Top 40 radio." □



● MRS. ROBINSON

(From the Motion Picture "The Graduate")
(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/
Columbia)

PAUL SIMON

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Woo, woo, woo
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

We'd like to know a little bit about you
for our files

We'd like to help you learn to help
yourself

Look around you, all you see are
sympathetic eyes

Stroll around the grounds until you feel
at home

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson

Jesus loves you more than you will know
Woo, woo, woo

God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson

Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

Hide it in a hiding place where no one
ever goes

Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes
It's a little secret just the Robinson's
affair

Most of all you got to hide it from the
kids

Coo coo ca choo Mrs. Robinson

Jesus loves you more than you will know
Woo, woo, woo

God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson

Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon
Going to the candidate's debate

Laugh about it, shout about it

When you've got to choose

Every way you look at it you lose

Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio

A nation turns its lonely eyes to you
(oo oo oo)

What's that you say Mrs. Robinson

Joltin Joe has left and gone away

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

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(For More Simon & Garfunkel
Songs See Page 29)

HOP ON THE GOLDEN OLDIES BANDWAGON TODAY

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TITLES
BY
ORIGINAL
ARTISTS

ALL ARE
BRAND
NEW
RECORDS

ORDERS
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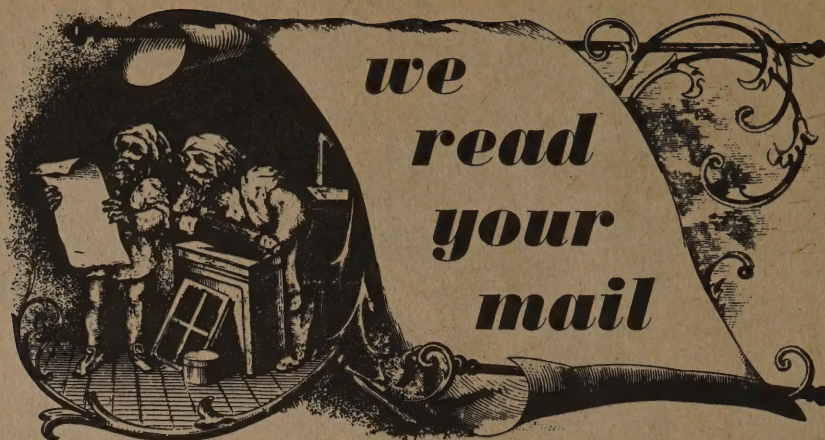
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Dan Armstrong

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Dear Editor:

Despite the rather great wealth of talent and material in some of America's finest pop groups, the consumer audience seems content to continue to "groove" to a mainstream of mediocrity and trash. It does not appear to matter whether the material is a result of native creativity or represents a departure from the prevalent trend of junk, which is disturbingly fashionable, it just does not seem to cut it with the majority of the pop record-buying public.

I am speaking here of quite a few artists, but in particular I would like to concentrate on two of the finest groups ever to grace the mind of American music, the Byrds and the Buffalo Springfield. Between the two groups, there were produced ten of the finest rock albums that were ever made, each representing an extension of the personality and ability of the groups. Not content to flounder, the Byrds and the Springfield did their own thing, despite the pressures of violent internal upheaval that was unfortunately, a characteristic of both. While most artists concentrated on an imitation of the invading English sound of the middle sixties, the Byrds translated the immensely important words of Dylan, and sang their own songs of substance and comment, in their own style, not particularly sweating acceptance or conformity; and the critics heard it and called it great — folk rock was in full flight. Guided by the gifted mind and 12-string of Roger McGuinn, the Byrds are still flying ahead of the field, now into space, now into country-rock; never bound by limits of acceptance or imitation, the Byrds make haste to conform only to their own imaginations.

Out of sunny southern California arose the Buffalo Springfield, a glorious conglomeration of rock, country and the melancholy voices of Steve Stills and Neil Young. Like the Byrds, the Springfield too soon felt the forces of internal conflict, and now the Buffalo Springfield is no more, possibly as sad a comment as there is that some people

cannot accept what is good, or as Stills said himself, "...for what it's worth..." Their latest album, "Last Time Around" speaks for itself, a testimony to themselves and the times.

Meanwhile, the pop scene continues on its merry course, bolstered by "Chewy Chewy", reinforced by "Cinnamon." There are fine groups that do exist; however, many of them do so in relative obscurity. Maybe the story of the Byrds and Springfield is that they "...wasn't born to follow," however, neither will they be forced to compromise themselves.

Robert J. Lenehan
Box 126
Fitchville, Conn.

Dear Editor:

I have been buying your magazine for about one and a half years. It is definitely the best of its kind, and I'd like to say "Thank You" for keeping such non-talents as the Monkees, Paul Revere and the Raiders, etc., out of the magazine.

I have one suggestion, which has already been made by a letter-writer in a previous issue. It is to expand your reviews of new albums. I have purchased two albums which I had never heard before on the merit of your reviews. The two albums are: Mr. Fantasy, by Traffic, and the Super Session Album. Your reviews are correct in every sense. Mr. Fantasy is the best album I have in my large collection. Super Session is also well worth buying. Most of the songs are really great.

I'd like to say a few things about some new albums. First, Traffic has a new album out. It has no title, but it's almost as good as Mr. Fantasy, which makes it absolutely stupendous. Every song on it is great, but my two favorites are "You Can All Join In" and "Crying To Be Heard," both of which are written by Dave Mason. Another recent release that is absolutely out of sight is Jimi Hendrix' new double album, "Electric Ladyland." All I can say is Wow. It's hard to pick a favorite song. They're all fantastic. The band plays superbly, especially drummer Mitch Mitchell, who

ought to win an award for most underrated drummer ever.

In closing, I'd like to mention a few of my favorite groups: Traffic, Moby Grape, Small Faces, Spencer Davis Group, Jimi Hendrix Experience, Jeff Beck, Beatles, and Cream. There are many others, but they are too numerous to mention here.

Keep up the good work, Hit Parader.

Paul Goldstein
58 Floral Dr.
Plainview, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I am a guitarist with a problem. Recently I switched from bass to lead and was coming along quite nicely until I tried to learn the lead parts off records. I get the chords and bass lines all right but it's the lead parts that stump me. Although most of the time I make up my own parts and the group is soon to go original anyway, it still bothers me that if I had to learn them off the record I couldn't. I don't expect to learn note for note the lead parts on such songs as "Spoonful" by Cream or "East West" by the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, to name a few, but even the rather shorter and simpler ones like on "N. S. U." by Cream or "Rock and Roll Woman" by the Buffalo Springfield or "Happenings Ten Years Time Ago" by the Yardbirds stumped me. I would like to learn how to play in the Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton, Mike Bloomfield...etc...style. Any help by any of your readers will be appreciated. Send all letters to:

Richard Collins
17 Francesca Ave.
Somerville, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I need a bit of help, and if you would print this letter it would be greatly appreciated.

I've long been a loyal fan of James Brown, and at one time had a very large collection of his single records, albums, and a giant pile of newspaper and magazine clippings. Traveling and misfortune have forced me to leave this collection scattered throughout the midwest and Canada, and I am now

grieved to find I have nothing left but a songbook.

I am willing to pay postage for any and all articles your readers could send me, and I would be grateful to anyone who can write and give me the address of a good record store where I can obtain some of James Brown's older albums which are now largely out of stock. Thank you.

Could friends and relatives of Sherry Hurst of Satsuma, Alabama; Verdine Small of Rakway, New Jersey; Maryanne DeGennaro of Lindenhurst, Long Island; Norma Champie of Cluade, Texas; Mary Alice Wierengo of Muskegan, Michigan; and D. C. Heerma Van Voss of either Amsterdam or London ask them to please forgive my silence and write to me. I miss them.

Melanie Sprague
Apartment #4
496 West Michigan Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I do believe that Diana Ross and The Supremes have seen the light. Instead of oohing their way through dream-like ideas of love, like "Baby Love", they have come to realistic terms with themselves and see love as it is today. The problems of pre-marital sex, and illegitimate children.

Instead of doing stories on them, consisting of old, re-hashed facts, why not do a series on the great songwriters and producers at Motown, like Norman Whitfield ("I Heard It Through The Grapevine" & "Cloud Nine"), and Holland, Dozier, and Holland ("Reach Out" and "You Keep Me Hangin' On")?

Besides this omission, you have, beyond a doubt, the best music magazine ever written.

If anyone out there would like to write and express their musical tastes, or just to express their ideas (films, books, etc.) please feel free to. I'm open to anything.

Thank you for permitting me to express my ideas.

Richard Desjardins
132 Caroline Ave.
Ottawa 3, Ontario



THE GUITAR SAGA

It's only fitting that the guitar should be the king axe of rock & roll. For rock comes as close to being the ultimate music of the non-Established root people, and especially the young, as any pop music we've ever had or any we could imagine having in our modern world. And for a hundred years or more the guitar has been played, listened to and loved by just this kind of people. Over the years it has been used for every imaginable kind of music. Every new young generation discovers new and amazing things to do with a guitar, and the instrument's form changes to meet their demands. Andres Segovia's classic guitar and Eric Clapton's Gibson resemble each other in the shape of the fingerboard and the tuning of the strings, and not much more. Yet there is something really universal in the appeal of this amaz-

ing instrument.

The guitar is a member of the lute family of instruments, which goes back to medieval times and came into Europe from the Orient. It is not known just when the particular form we know as the guitar emerged, among the many fretted string instruments that were developed back then. We do have some compositions for a four-stringed guitar dating from 1554, and the present six-string arrangement was in use by the 17th century.

Guitars have always enjoyed a wide popular appeal in many parts of Europe, not just in Spain as one might suppose. But in the 19th century, Spain achieved prominence as the home of the strongest classical tradition of guitar playing, and also of Europe's most distinctive form of guitar folk music, flamenco. Ever since then,

Spain has been considered the home of the guitar.

But what is probably more important for rock & roll history is the fact that, in the 19th century as before, the guitar was very popular in England and America as an instrument to have around the house and play casually. Its image was a little more genteel then, and it was thought a proper instrument for decorous ladies to accompany themselves on while singing proper sentimental songs. Gentlemen could also use it for amorous serenading, of course. But by the end of the century that image was beginning to change, as people in America's South and West found the guitar to be an excellent backup for fiddle dance music. Many ideas and techniques were borrowed from Negro banjo players. At the same time, increasing numbers of Negro musi-

cians found that the guitar was more suitable for their music than the banjo.

These changes were largely made possible by a change in the instrument's construction, one of the first major changes from the accepted Spanish models. This was the change from gut strings (the ancestors of today's nylon strings) to steel strings. To withstand the increased tension necessary with steel strings, the instrument had to be built more rigidly, and it was no longer capable of the subtleties of tone color you hear when Segovia plays. The steel-string guitar, however, can produce much greater volume, and holds up well under rough handling and playing that would splinter a classical model.

By a totally different route, meanwhile, the guitar had arrived in the Hawaiian Islands, where the local musicians had done some experimenting and developed a new model of their own. Though basically similar in appearance to other guitars, the Hawaiian guitar involved a radically different playing technique. Instead of pressing the strings against frets to produce varying pitches, Hawaiian players used a wood or metal bar which was moved up and down the fingerboard. To produce a purer tone, the strings were raised high off the fingerboard, so high that the instrument could no longer be played in the usual European manner. Since the bar could not approximate the many complicated left-handed positions used to produce chords in the European model, the Hawaiian guitar was only intended for the harmonically simple forms of Hawaiian folk music. But when Hawaiian music became an immense fad on the mainland in the early years of the 20th century, many people became attracted by the simplicity of the Hawaiian guitar, and by the attractive glissandos, or slides, one could get by using the bar. Negroes especially liked the way the bar could approximate the "blue" notes of their traditional scale, notes which lay "in between the frets" of ordinary guitars. Since real Hawaiian guitars were not readily available to them, Southern bluesmen adapted the Hawaiian techniques to regular guitars, often using knife blades, automobile parts or empty bottles instead of bars. Some long-forgotten musician came up with a brilliant idea; by wearing a small hard object such as a bottleneck on the little finger of the left hand, a guitarist could produce that great

sliding sound and still have the other fingers free to make chords in the normal way. This quickly became the most popular way of playing slide guitar and remains so today.

By 1925, if not before, the guitar was by far America's most popular folk instrument. The professional folk entertainers who became highly famous in the late 1920's--blues singers like Blind Lemon Jefferson and "hillbilly" artists like Jimmy Rodgers--inspired hundreds of thousands if not millions to take up the instrument. Pop music at this time was dominated by the piano, but among the jazz bands which profoundly influenced pop music's progress in the 1920's and 1930's, the guitar gradually superseded the banjo in the rhythm sections. Meanwhile the pop music of the future was being shaped among the country musicians of the South, and it was on the guitar that it was shaped. Negro and white musicians, borrowing from each other, were even then creating the interactions that were to form rock & roll.

Most of this rough-and-ready Southern music was played in places that were not conducive to passive appreciation of the finer points of guitar tone. The introduction of steel strings had made it possible for the guitar to enjoy its dominant position, but it was soon realized that this wasn't quite enough. The guitar makers came up with several improvements in the 1920's and early 1930's that provided extra volume. One was the twelve-string guitar, borrowed from Mexico (where the guitar was even more universal than in the USA). Another was the introduction of larger-bodied instruments such as the Martin Dreadnaught series. Most effective volume-wise was a line of guitars marketed under the Dobro and National tradenames, which had inside them devices which worked on a principle similar to that of the pre-electric wind-up phonograph. Vibrations from the strings were transferred, via the bridge, to a diaphragm which in turn vibrated a large cone, producing a relatively loud sound. Since these instruments no longer had to depend on the resonance of a box made of carefully selected woods, as earlier guitars did, the bodies of Dobro and National guitars were often made of gleaming metal. The tone of these instruments didn't have much subtlety, but by gosh, you could hear them in a Mississippi jook joint on Saturday night.

If the master craftsmen of Spain hesitated to call these instruments guitars, they were in all probability truly shocked by what was to follow. For the very same scientific developments that brought the Grand Ole Opry crackling into the Tennessee git-tar man's mountain home was to open a true Pandora's box for that man's ceaseless quest for greater volume. I know of no marble statue of the man who first realized that a guitar's sound could be electrically amplified, just like radio waves or Victrola records. In fact I don't even know what the man's name was, but he deserves at least to have his name permanently spelled out in neon above Sunset Strip.

The first type of guitar to be amplified was the Hawaiian style, with the strings a half inch off the neck; due to its quieter sound, this was the instrument that needed it most. The sound was amplified by means of a magnetic device under the strings, which translated the string's movements into a variable electric current, much the same way as a phonograph pickup works from the vibrations inscribed in record grooves. (Guitar pickups still work the same way today). The early amplifiers were small, no larger than an ordinary radio. But they were more than big enough to make a guitar able to compete with, say, a saxophone. Nobody saw any need to make them any bigger! Since many country bands, especially in Texas, were adding saxophones and trumpets in the 1930's (an imitation of Negro jazz), these bands were the first big users of the electric guitar. Milton Brown and his Musical Brownies were the first to use one on record, in 1934. They used the Hawaiian model, as did Leon McAuliffe, whose "Steel Guitar Rag" (recorded with Bob Wills' Texas Playboys) made the instrument nationally popular in 1936. Several American firms started making Hawaiian guitars with the pickups built in. Since no natural amplification was necessary, the bodies were simply solid hunks of wood, usually covered in some sort of imitation mother-of-pearl. (You still see these instruments, truly the Model T's of the electric guitar world, in pawnshops today). By 1938 amplifiers were being used with standard guitars as well. Jazz players eagerly took them up; finally their beautiful single-note solos could be heard above a horn section, and they didn't have to spend all their time strumming chords!



George Barnes, Charlie Christian, and a little later Les Paul spread the gospel of the electric guitar through the jazz world.

Negro blues musicians were, for some reason like no money, comparatively slow to take up the electric guitar. In fact, in the blues world of the 1930's the piano practically obliterated the guitar. But after World War II a veritable guitar-blues renaissance came into being, as Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker made the transition from acoustic to electric blues guitar seem as natural as breathing.

Far from satisfying the guitar player's craving for more volume, the electric guitar only whetted his appetite. Amplifier improvements in the 1930's and 1940's were more in the direction of greater fidelity and flexibility, but by 1950 we were entering the realm of amplifiers that could not only compete with one saxophone, not only compete with a whole big band, but could go into a whole new realm of decibels heretofore untracked by man nor musician. It was about that time that today's most famous name in guitar electricity started asserting itself, the noble Fender. This California outfit not only started making increasingly powerful amplifiers, but swept the market with a standard guitar that, like the early "Hawaiian" electrics, had a solid body. Somebody there had the idea that by making a slightly larger version of this with four strings, tuned like the bottom four strings of a guitar but an octave lower, one could make an easily portable substitute for the

cumbersome bull fiddle. And so was born the instrument that is still often called the Fender bass, though many other companies make them today.

Meanwhile the country-western successors of the early hillbilly musicians had continued to use the Hawaiian guitar, with the metal bar for chording. In the 1940's and 1950's the early mother-of-pearl model, held in the lap, became expanded to an instrument which rested on a table-like base and had several sets of strings tuned to different chords. Still greater flexibility came with the development of pedals which could change the sound of these chords by raising the pitch of one or more strings. This is the modern "steel guitar" which creates such a distinctive sound on Buck Owens' records among many others. (Modern Hawaiian musicians use them too, of course.)

Andres Segovia wouldn't call such a contraption a musical instrument, much less a guitar. But by the mid-1950's the development of guitar, having more than kept pace with numerous other revolutions in music and other areas of human endeavor, was ready for rock & roll.

Hard as it may be to believe, the guitar wasn't always quite as prominent in rock as it is now. Rhythm & blues, for one thing, was still showing the effects of the transition from guitar to piano domination that had taken place in the 1930's; blues renaissance hadn't reached to the young black vocal groups that caught the ear of the white public back in 1954



and 1955. Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley were wailin', and a few people had heard of B. B. King and Muddy Waters, but the main source of early rock guitar music was the white country musicians who zoomed into the spotlight with the early hits of Bill Haley, Carl Perkins and Elvis Presley. Country musicians had been doing guitar boogie and blues for years (Arthur Smith's original "Guitar Boogie" was a big C&W hit in 1948) and this fit into Rock & Roll with no trouble at all.

By 1958 the electric lead guitar was a standard if not quite universal ingredient of rock & roll. Good country guitar players were much in demand for rock recording sessions, often making excellent music in unlikely situations: witness James Burton's work with Ricky Nelson on Imperial. It wasn't too long before some of the more adventurous "legit" musicians were also picking up on the country-rock style. Barney Kessel, the famous jazz guitarist, cut hundreds of rock sessions in the 1950's and is still at it today. The concept of having young city musicians form instrumental/vocal groups was just barely getting off the ground in 1958, but such old-line rockers as Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran were showing the way with instrumental combos that relied almost entirely on amplified string sounds. By this time those Fender amps were getting big enough so that you had to put a mike on the drums to enable them to be heard, and God help the poor vocalist.

The group thing grew steadily from 1959 on, especially on the

West Coast. The young people who had been knocked out by Presley in 1956 now grown up enough to master instruments, especially the guitar, and to form working bands. Even before the arrival of the Beatles set off the current group avalanche, the young musicians were beginning to supersede the older country players in the rock guitar spotlight. The California surf bands of the early 1960's were the most obvious example. These groups always had two guitars and an electric bass, and they were almost always Fenders.

You needed lots of volume to fill up the huge dance halls where the surf groups played. But no musician has ever had a greater need for volume than The Beatles, who had to contend with all that screaming after all! An English company called Vox managed to build amplifiers even larger than Fender's, and the company made a quick killing as American groups scrambled to get their Super Beatle amps. Fender was quick to reply in kind, and a whole new escalation of the volume war was on. Soon it was strictly no contest between the guitar amps and other amplification systems. All of us have been to concerts where a public address system, perfectly capable of placing Joan Baez in the laps of 10,000 people, has been totally unable to make a rock vocalist heard above the simplest of guitar backups. The amplifier makers continued to clean up, of course, as groups and promoters struggled to beef up their P. A.'s. Meanwhile amplification became a virtual necessity for horn players in many rock groups, and special amps have

been developed for nearly every instrument of the orchestra. (The whole thing had started, remember, when somebody figured out a way to keep one or two unamplified saxophones from drowning out the guitar).

One might hopefully suggest that the volume war has now reached an end, or at least a stalemate. With such entries as Sunn, TNT and Acoustic Control having joined the battle, we have amps which can cause a measurable hearing loss for every person in a building a city block square. I think many people actually enjoy the feeling of pain in the inner ear, though, so we may be in for another siege.

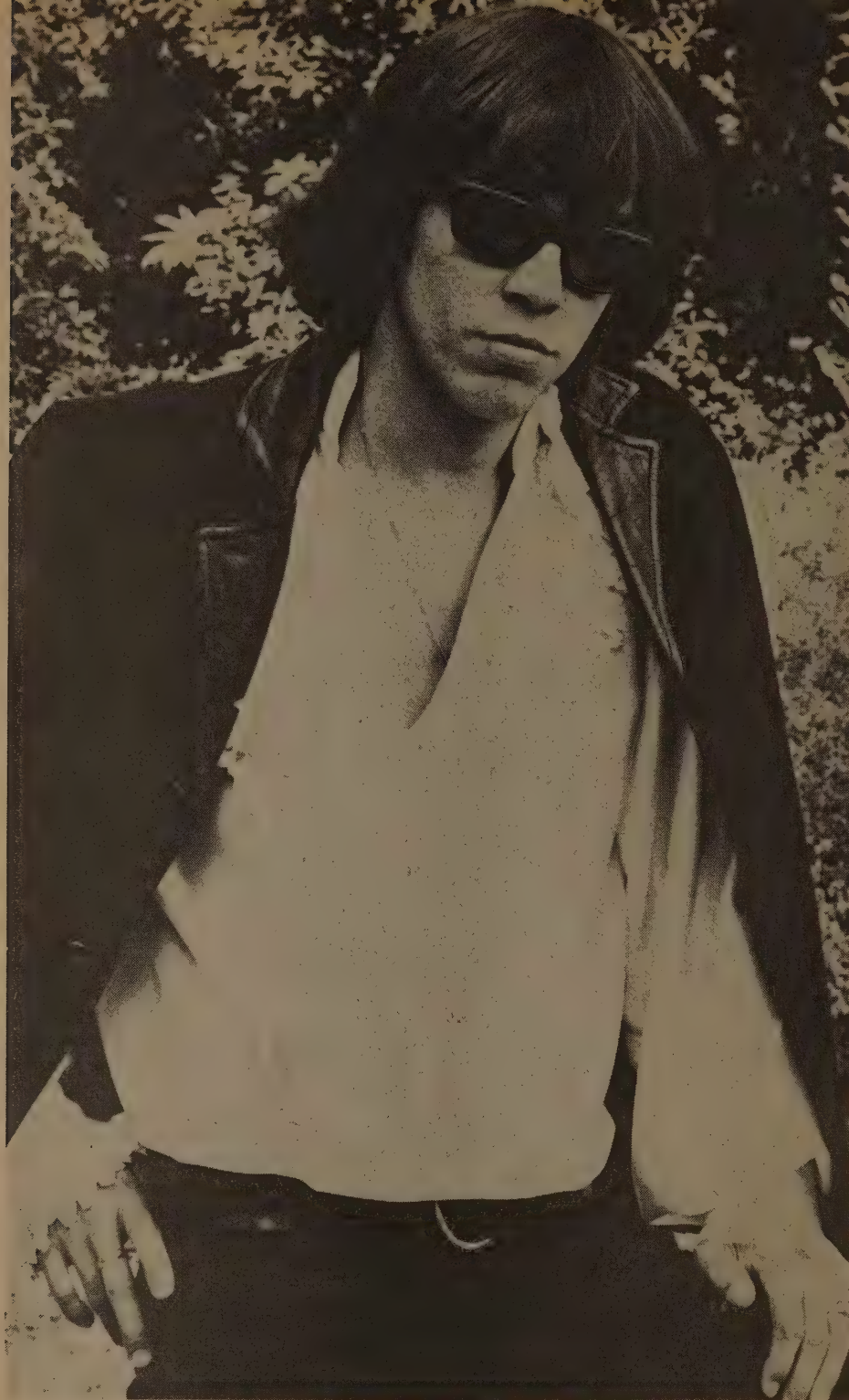
Now that we know where amps are at, a few words more about guitars might be in order. And we quickly come upon one rather startling fact. Even with all the changes guitar playing has gone through in this fifteen-year rock revolution, many of the heaviest lead guitarists in the rock field prefer to use instruments made before the whole thing started, way back in the early 1950's! I might get some argument on this, but I'd venture that the most highly prized axe today is an original Gibson Les Paul model, built in honor of the ex-jazz guitarist who made "How High The Moon," "Mockin' Bird Hill" and "Vaya Con Dios" million-sellers in the early 1950's. Gibson sold quite a few of these back then, but stopped making them at least a decade ago when Les Paul dropped off the charts. Now Gibson has new models which are very similar, but guitarists are still so fond of the old ones that the price is getting up near four figures for a good one. Musicians like Eric Clapton will often play one of the new models on the road, keeping a precious original safe at home.

Second place would probably go to the original Fender Telecaster, also a favorite in the early 1950's and now available in a modern version. Here, again, many musicians are more than willing to pay a big premium to get an original model. This is a solid-body instrument, renowned for a very fast neck and a clear, authoritative tone that really "cuts through." The Gibson Les Paul, a thin hollow-bodied model, began to supersede the Telecaster as Mike Bloomfield and Eric Clapton demonstrated the Gibson's unique capabilities for electric blues playing. Distortion — if it's the right kind of distortion — is

now sought after more than true clarity. And for some reason that probably would have horrified Les Paul, the guitar named for him seems to produce just that right kind, in conjunction with certain amplifiers and settings. Now, with a zillion watts of power, a musician can reproduce just the exact sound John Lee Hooker got by overloading a 20-watt amp back in 1948. But where you would have had to sit within three feet of Hooker's amp to be in any ways overpowered by it, now you can get that feeling sitting in the back row of the Hollywood Bowl.

Of course, the electronic age has brought not only greater volume to the guitar, but numerous interesting ways to alter and enhance its sound. At first it was a profound gas just to have tone controls. Then reverb and tremolo came in the early 1950's, and tape echo soon after. Two recent gadgets that have become very popular are the fuzz box, actually a tiny pre-amplifier that introduces electronic distortion into the signal from the pickup, and the wah-wah pedal, really a jazzed-up tone control. We have numerous recorded examples of each used very beautifully and very badly.

The prospective guitar buyer now has an immense selection to choose from. In practically all price ranges you can get a variety of electric and acoustic guitars, each with its own special characteristics. (Country-western musicians, jazz players, hard-rockers and so on have each come to favor certain neck widths, arrangements of pickups, tone controls, etc. and designers oblige them with special models. But there's nothing to stop you from playing blues on a country model if you like the sound). A lot of things are going to happen to pop music in the next few years. The current style of blues guitar, great as it is, may go out of fashion. (Or maybe it won't). But I have a feeling that guitars will always be a part of youth music. They've already survived huge fads for a lot of other instruments (ukuleles and accordions for instance). I'll close by suggesting a possible reason for this. For hundreds of years, parents have been forcing their reluctant sons to sit inside on a summer day slaving away over a piano or a fiddle. But have you ever heard of parents forcing their sons to practice the guitar? □ barret hansen



JOHN KAY

Keeping Steppenwolf Together

I've run into some very stubborn attitudes concerning our second album. What can a critic offer other than his own personal likes according to what he's been exposed to. It's just like the rest of us. Critics are really narrow-minded. To some people Steppenwolf is nothing more than what we did on the first album. They figure that's the way it should stay. So our second album is sneered at because it's less raunchy in recording quality and we've turned some new ideas into reality. Things shouldn't be judged because they appear closely related. Each item must be specifically judged on its own merit. The second album gave us a chance to use more variety in our instrumental treatment of songs. It turned out good or bad in varying degrees, but on the whole we're better off doing what we did rather than doing what everybody expected.

I'm very pleased with the musical history of blues we did on the second album. It gave us a chance to use a great variety of syncopation. Fiery syncopation gets very emotional, can work into a frenzy, and it's beautiful for building into climaxes. We just did a thing like that in the movie "Candy." There's an instrumental break in the middle that's mainly percussive and it turned out to be very moving. I love that.

But rhythm and blues seems to be moving into that Latin feel and there are many rock bands, like Santana in San Francisco, that use conga drums. Possibly while we were all searching, going back to the blues roots, we may have gone beyond that, as far back as Africa. Sophisticated syncopation and rhythm is prominent in a lot of areas now. James Brown's band has been rhythmically super far-out for a long time. It might have something to do with the black's renewed interest in African culture or the Puerto Rican influence on the black ghettos.

We're very fortunate to have a producer like Gabriel Mekler. He's very down to earth and like another member of the band. He's always ready to get together with us and his suggestions are usually excellent. There's a communication between him and the band that has never bordered on conflicting ideas. We're both willing to compromise and we dig him as a person. Of course, there's the incredible American studio and the engineers who know just what we want. They're largely responsible for the sound we get on records. Very imaginative people.

We all get along fine in the band. There's yelling and screaming of course, like any family, but we always work frustrations out. A lot of bands are breaking up because one or more of the members grow into real virtuosos so there's infighting over the music. It



seems like it's going back to jazz days where a leader would get musicians for one job and a whole different band for the next job. But that's good. Everybody has to benefit from all the different efforts that will result from varieties of musicians getting together.

Ronnie Hawkins and his band the Hawks dominated Ontario more than twelve years ago. The Hawks, of course, did "Big Pink" more recently. Robbie Robertson was an unbelievable guitarist way back when he was only nineteen years old. Probably as good as Clapton is now. To me, only Jimi Hendrix has arrived at a truly unique form of music that was pioneered by people like Robertson. The Hawks, though, were fantastic. They were so imaginative and could play any kind of song better than

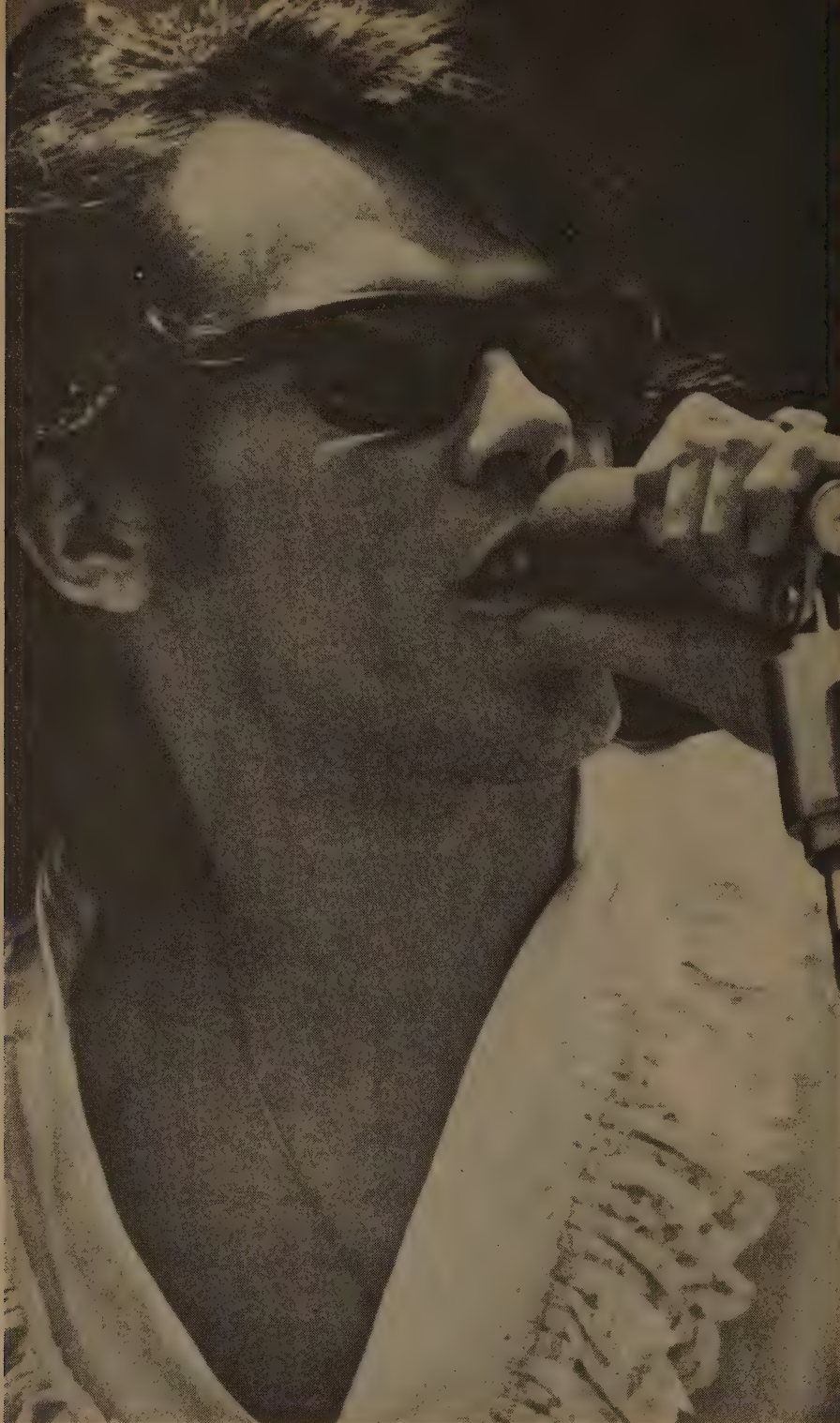
the original versions. Despite my love for the "Big Pink" album, you can't get any idea of the Band's virtuoso ability. They did show how beautiful economy can be and I respect that.

The Hawks were into city blues, Ray Charles, early James Brown and late Howlin' Wolf. And they really pulled it off. Overnight there were ten bands that sprang up imitating Robertson and the Hawks. As a result Ontario got hung up on rhythm and blues a long time ago. There are funky guitar stylists all over the place now. I arrived in Canada in 1958 so I didn't have the background. Robbie didn't influence me. I dug the music but at the time I was into country western music. When I first saw Robbie play I was so awed I didn't even bother to try and play like him. I didn't have an electric guitar then anyway.

Blues will always be my basic music but I want to build onto that. Like now I want to fuse electronic sounds with blues and develop our percussive thing. I want the electronic machines to fit into the music rather than just be effective. The electronic music I've been hearing isn't really musical.

I transcribe my thoughts into music. Certain sounds will trigger my memory or recall events. Like a major chord is more cheerful sounding than a minor chord which might sound sad. Some rhythms are frantic some are relaxed. I use these things to fit the mood of whatever idea I might have. Of course, it's easier to make words fit into the feel of a song.

I had a very vivid feeling when I wrote "Desperation." The music happened first. I was in a somber mood and



the chords I played sounded somber. I can't think of why I chose to play that, I mean a specific incident that sparked it. It's just something in me. When I sit around plunking around on guitar, I find little things that go together. When I go from chord to chord songs start to develop and if it strikes me right, I'll push it. Sometimes I'll leave it and come back to it a couple days later. It might take an incident like a knifing in Central Park to spark a song, but there can also just be a flash of a mood in you that can get a song going.

I don't have any set pattern for writing songs. I have to feel a song to do it, really get into the mood of it. Some-

times I feel "Desperation" a lot more than other times. Particularly when I really think about what I'm singing. I remember distinctly an experience with that song. I was performing at a pop festival in California and there were thousands of people in the audience. I really got into the song and although nobody might have noticed it, I gave possibly the greatest performance of my life. That happens a lot. When you feel you did a great job, nobody notices and when you play rotten, everybody says, "Wow, that was great." It's hard to judge.

Some of my personal favorite songs are "Your Wall's Too High," "Magic

Carpet Ride," "Spiritual Fantasy." The new ones are usually the ones I like best.

In my so-called "political" songs or social commentary songs, I try to keep everything to the point so that it doesn't become a vague statement. I'm tired of protest songs that just knock everything. There are many things wrong in the world that need our attention and I comment on them rather than protest against them. My songs are reminders to people who know what's going on as well as informing those who might not know. There are a lot of kids that never read anything.

I'm the songwriter, mainly because no one else in the group writes them. Occasionally someone will come up with one. We all arrange the songs but the best arranger is Jerry our drummer.

My worries about Steppenwolf are typical of any other band leader. Will this gig come off well, will our equipment arrive on time and all the business hassles — airplanes and hotel rooms. I've never really worried about the music. There was always a positive force motivating us.

I worry about the guys in the group sometimes. I try to be as open and compromising and lenient as possible. I get domineering occasionally and blow my head off, but we usually all get a good night's sleep after an argument.

I joined the Sparrow in Canada, but I left and moved to Los Angeles. Our producer Gabriel Mekler approached me looking for a hard rock group. Originally I just wanted to manage a group, but I got a bunch of guys together and told them I wanted them to play my music. So it was understood from the beginning that I'd be the leader. Also, I was the only one interested in supervising our business activities.

Ten years from now I hope to be a long way from here. Possibly along way from cities. I've given up the idea of escaping from the problems of the world because we're all human beings living on one planet. Wherever I am, I hope it's rewarding to me and those close to me and with a lot of money behind me. Unfortunately, money gives you a lot of ins, but it means a lot to my personal freedom and the security of my family.

I have a lovely wife and a seven-month old daughter now and they travel with me quite a lot. It doesn't scare me having a family in the show biz scene because I keep them away from it. They are my private life and it's very beautiful and comforting. I'll be cutting down on the tour bit pretty soon anyway, because I find myself traveling through a lot of hostile country. I've already purchased a home in the hills of Hollywood and I'll be spending a lot of time there. □
john & jim



JIMI HENDRIX

The Making Of A Star

With his first three hit singles, "Hey Joe," "Purple Haze" and "Wind Cries Mary" Chas Chandler, who produced the records and managed the Jimi Hendrix Experience had established the enigma of "the gentle wild-man" and Jimi himself was looking around for fresh fields to conquer.

"Britain had been our first target and Europe was our second," Chas told me. "It was in Munich in those few first experimental appearances that I realized his enormous visual attraction and there that the 'smashing routine' really began by accident.

"Jimi was pulled off stage by a few over enthusiastic fans and as he jumped back

on the stage he threw his guitar on before him.

"When he picked it up he saw that it had cracked and several of the strings were broken — he just went barmy and smashed everything in sight.

"The German audience loved it and we decided to keep it in as a part of the act when there was a good Press about or the occasion demanded it."

It was in Sweden that Jimi finally established himself as a legend on the Continent and following a Beach Boys concert, which attracted a crowd of over 8,000 (a record for that venue), Jimi brought in a staggering attendance of 17,000.

"I had always maintained that Jimi would be a huge commercial success and an event like Sweden confirmed my conviction that he would be the biggest artist of his kind in the world."

In the initial period of his success Chas encouraged Jimi to speak his mind with the Press and on more than one occasion Jimi said he thought he was the world's worst singer and only really hoped to be appreciated for his guitar work.

"He used to plead with me at a recording session to submerge his voice under the track so that the music almost drowned him out. I never felt that he was as bad as he seemed to think.

"It's not the range, pitch or technique that are so important to a pop vocalist, it is the emotional communication and sincerity.

"Jimi had plenty of both and, of course, the more he sang the better he became. I think he's a good singer now."

After cleaning up in Britain and on the Continent there was one very obvious field still to conquer — America.

"There is nothing like success in your own country," Chas admitted, "and Jimi, is after all, an American. It was stage three in our operations to launch him in the States where we planned an all out attack on the album market.

"Singles were redundant as far as we were concerned — even the Beatles were turning their attentions to the LP market.

"Somehow Jimi was synonymous with stereo and that was how we had to project him in the U. S.

"People have often underestimated the importance of stereo radio in the U. S. which is very good and receives a lot of attention. Some stations, of course, do not play albums and so we released singles over there for that 40 per cent who did not, generally pulling them off LPs."

One of the first encroachments into the American market was when Jimi rather incongruously appeared on the Monkees tour — rather like putting Count Dracula on with Snow White.

"An awful lot of people were against that move. I was against it in principle but we knew that putting Jimi on with the Monkees would get him a blaze of publicity across America.

"And we had an agreement with Dick Clark



that Jimi could be pulled off after a few days.

"When it was decided to take him off we concocted that story about the American Daughters objecting to his act and saying he was obscene.

"That did the trick and we hit every newspaper in the country with Jimi coming up with little gems about how he had been replaced

by Mickey Mouse."

With this neat little publicity stunt Jimi captured the imagination of the Underground Press and they were only too anxious to defend someone who had affronted the dignity of the Establishment. Jimi was soon in with the West Coast and the hippy element.

"The initial impact was made previously



with Jimi's first appearance on the Monterey Festival which created quite a stir," said Chas.

I can vouch for that myself as I was there when he brought a ten thousand capacity audience to its feet with his guitar-antics and incredible improvisation.

"It was the albums that eventually brought

Jimi's incredible musical talent home to the American people and at one time we had three best selling albums in the American charts," continued Chas.

I asked Chas when it was that the realization over-took the group that they were in the league of super-stars.

"Everything seemed to move so fast but

I think it was on their first major tour in England with the Move, which opened at the Royal Albert Hall, that it really hit them," said Chas.

"Noel and Mitch were shaking like leaves and even Jimi was petrified to go on stage. They realized that they were a part of something bigger than themselves and I had to get a bottle of Scotch in to restore some courage all around."

I asked Chas if Jimi was ever made to feel that he was more of a circus attraction than the talented musician he undoubtedly is.

"Jimi is also a showman and a bloody good one."

Traveling with Jimi and the boys has been more than just an Experience for Chas and he has more than one tale of the amazing scenes that greet Jimi now at every concert where he earns, on average, over \$30,000 a performance in the States.

In Connecticut recently Chas found himself in jail after a fracas with the Commissioner of police.

"It was just prior to Jimi and the boys going on stage and all the lights round the stadium were full on and glaring down. It ruins an artist's entrance and the dramatics of the spectacle so I asked for them to be lowered. I was referred to another man — 'It's up to him,' they said.

"Beat it fatso', was the reply I got.

"Surprisingly enough I did not get excited — I must have had a sixth sense about him because I just said 'Look if you don't lower the lights the boys don't go on — and then you will have a riot. I'm the group's manager.'"

The next few minutes were a blur of uniforms and handcuffs and Chas found himself sitting in the Bridgeport jail some hours later. Unbeknown to Chas the man he was addressing had been the local Commissioner of Police.

In view of Chas' decision to quit the Experience because of all the traveling involved I asked him whether the reports about Noel and Mitch giving up were true and the group splitting up altogether?

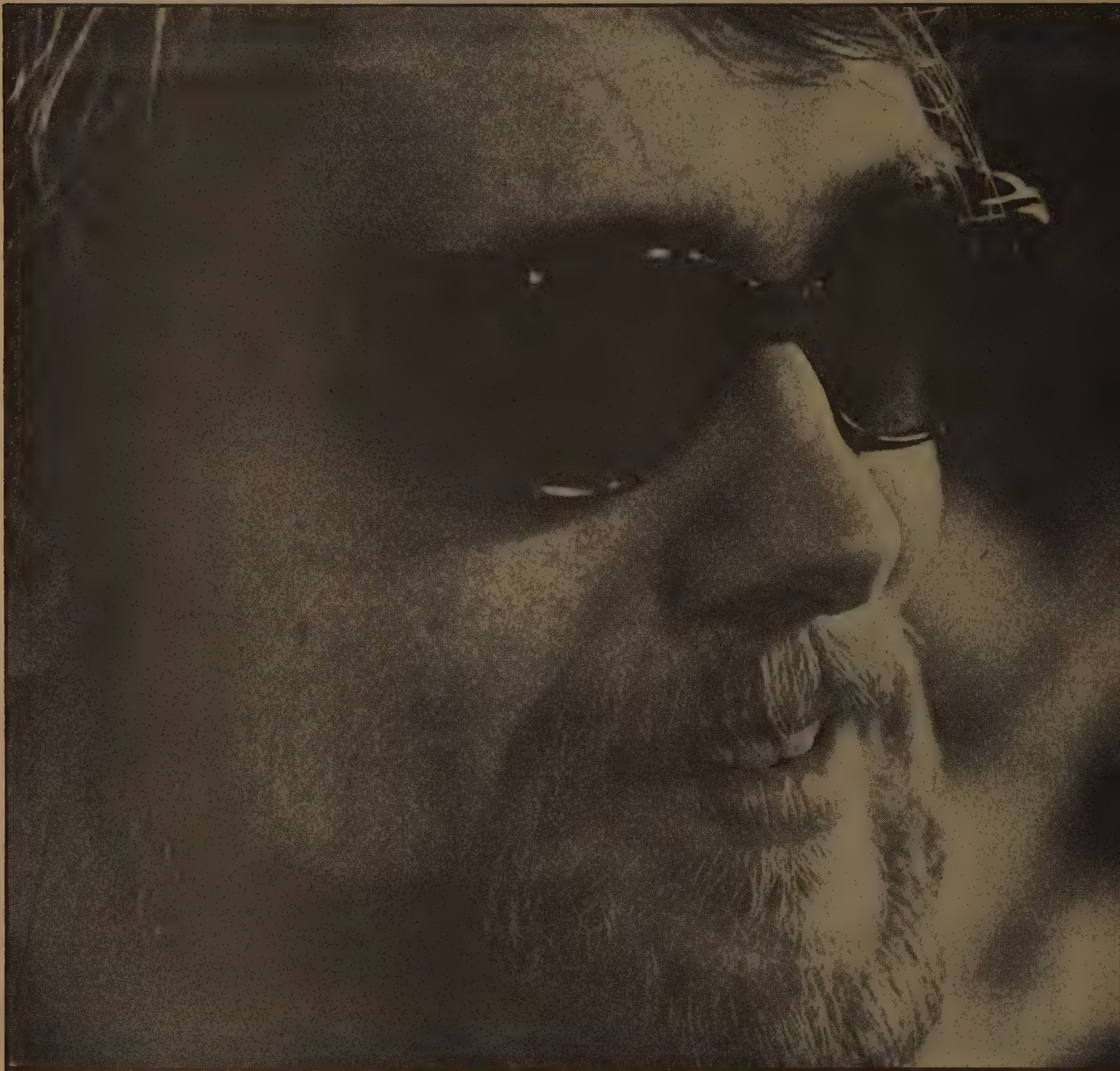
"I wouldn't blame any group for giving up touring," said Chas, "but I can't see the trio splitting up — they've come too far to go back. What will probably happen is that Jimi will spend more time at home in America and naturally Noel and Mitch will want to come back to England.

"They may only get together for rare appearances and record sessions but I'm sure they will go on."

What about the man who helped make Hendrix and took an important part in establishing what, at one time, was the third greatest group in the world — the Animals. Will he stay in the business?

Chas smiled and threw up his hands. "It's all I know," he smiled. And the smile was the smile on the face of a tiger. Chas has achieved too much now to be underestimated in the pop business and it is certain we'll be hearing a lot more from the big man. □ keith altham

HENRY VESTINE



I'm very interested in having my playing be distinctly different from other guitarists (especially ones from earlier eras — i.e. influences). For this reason, my skill at recreating exact licks, note for note, played by others from memory is virtually nil. I have no interest in being a human jukebox. I spent about five years of my life playing (then) current R&B and pop tunes in bars for dancing. The frustration was immeasurable. As soon as an opportunity to get out of that scene afforded itself, I was gone.

Essentially, I left the Mothers for the same reason. When I first joined, we were playing stomping R&B all night long (generally, we were working five set a night club dates at that time). However, when Frank was putting together the first album, he started teaching the band harmony parts, etc. to compliment the lines he had been playing himself in the clubs. This was all fine and dandy (Frank's genius as a composer and arranger has certainly become evident), but for me, playing these exacting, precise, parts which lacked (my) spontaneous emotional at-

tack, represented a giant step in the direction of my becoming a paunchy studio musician who'd play anything for a buck. So, we had an amicable parting, and in the long run, I'm sure we're both happy it happened that way.

Now, on to blues guitar playing. There are very few guitarists playing today who are truly individuals. There are two main groups of "imitative" players currently active. The largest group are disciples of Eric Clapton, the second being those who try (and some very successfully) to mimic B. B. King.

Lead Guitarist/Canned Heat



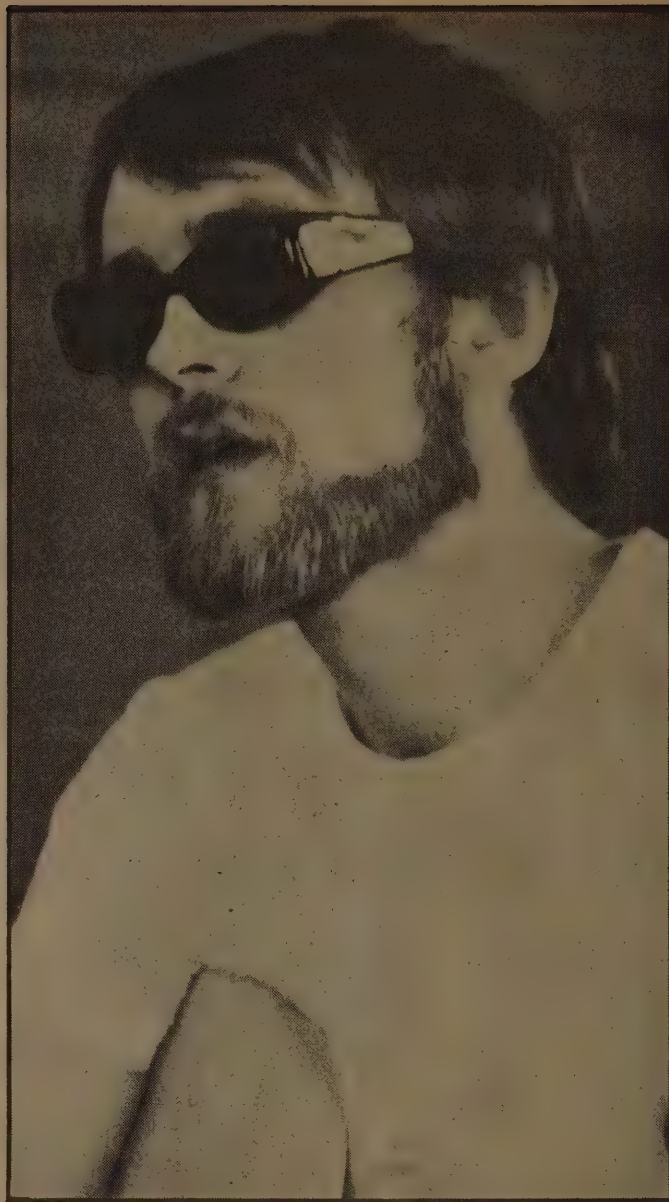
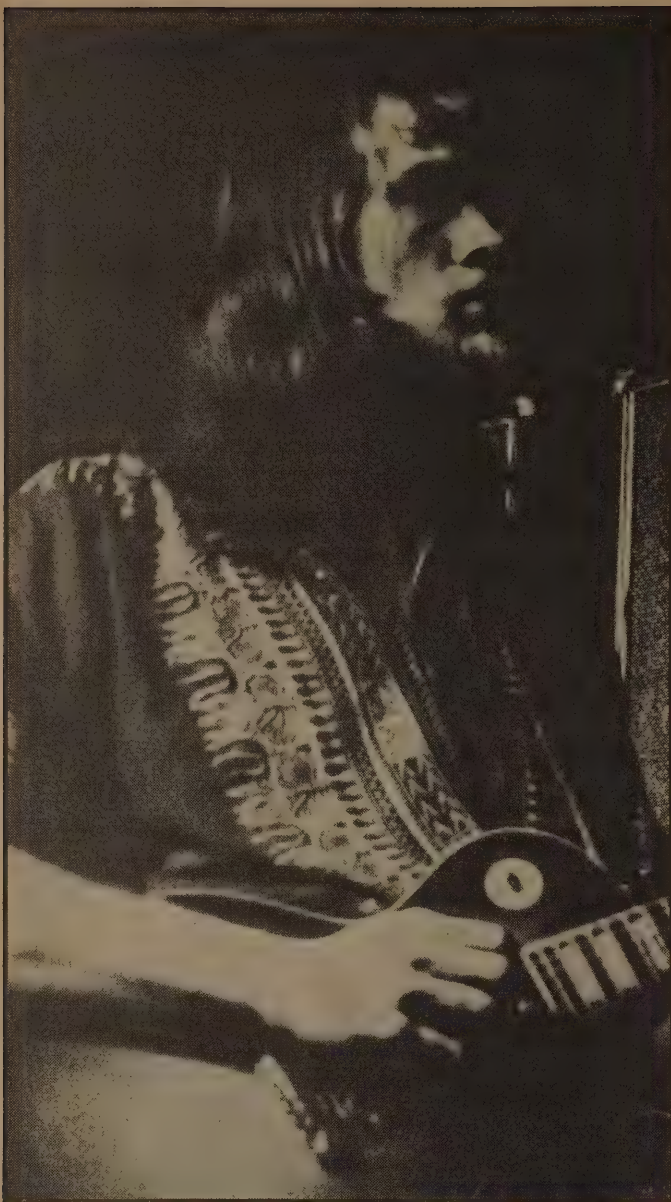
The question that comes to mind is "How many of these guys had any natural motivation before hearing their mentors play? Where are their roots? Influences, to be valid, must be absorbed over a number of years. One of my early influences was Jerry McGee. In about 1960, he moved west from Louisiana. He played guitar in a way I'd never (and still haven't) heard anybody else do. The reasons nobody could imitate him at the time (and there were many trying, myself included — I even paid him to give me some lessons) were the influences he grew up

with as a kid "down home." His father was one of the prominent Cajun musicians (he worked with J. B. Fuslier, Armadie Ardoin, etc.); also the wealth of blues and country music that was available to the willing listener in that area.

Another of my early favorites was David T. Walker — he's T-Bone Walker's son. He plays jazz now (and has an album out), but was playing blues and R&B with a band called the Kinfolks then. Think of the music he must have heard around the house while he was growing up — maybe

daddy even took him on the road sometimes. Wow!

Since our popularity, one of the most gratifying compliments I've received was from another of my idols of years ago. On his album "The Wizard," Mel Brown mentions me in the notes as one of his three favorite guitar players. This completely floored me as I hadn't heard of him in seven or eight years. When I used to go and see him, he was The Man in the L.A. R&B scene playing with Johnny Otis, La La Wilson, etc. At the Newport Pop Festival, I was standing talking to Chet Helms,



and Mel came up and asked Chet who the lead guitarist with Canned Heat was. He told me how much he admired my playing for quite a while. Finally, I asked what his name was and when he told me, I completely "fell out" — I couldn't believe it. Then, when I told him about how I used to come watch him work every chance I could get, he fell out — he didn't remember me at all — he'd only heard my playing on records. It was a tremendous compliment for me. Nobody else's words of praise could have been so earnestly satisfying for me. The reason these guys were so great for me (and still are) is that they were able to put the effects their influences had on them together and mold them into a combination that produced their own distinctive style (which is theirs alone).

My primary motivation towards playing the guitar came from my love of country music. I was crazy about

Hank Williams. As I got more involved with music, I dug the (then) current R&B, Bill Haley, early Elvis Presley, etc. Pop music went through an especially bleak period during the late 50's and early 60's. During this period, I stayed firmly entrenched in the R&B scene and turned a deaf ear to top-40 radio. Lately though (the last four years or so), the pop scene has become a lot more stimulating.

The pop record that really flipped me out was "Help" by the Beatles I bought in Pomona, Calif. where I was working in a beer bar. This was where I really got to talk to and know Frank Zappa (he's got some roots!) although I'd met him and Capt. Beefheart briefly at a jam session at the Sea Witch in Hollywood a couple of years before. I'd actually gone to the record shop that day to buy a copy of "Together Again" by Buck Owens and to look for old out of print R&B 45s (Zappa had already cleaned them out though).

Lately, I've also come to appreciate avant-garde or new thing jazz. Since this was so different from anything I'd dug before I had to ask myself why. The solution was that I dig emotion in music from musicians or singers. I think for the music to be meaningful (for me as a listener) the artists should either scream (kick out the jams — check out the MC-5 from Detroit — they'll have an album out soon on Elektra) or cry (like Hank Williams, Tommy Johnson, or Jay Bird Coleman). My favorite artist in the "new thing" area is Albert Ayler. Let me inform you "blues purists" who have your noses wrinkled as you scoff that Albert Ayler has roots too. He used to be Little Walter's sax player.

So, the things that make a man's music significant for me are a combination of influences skillfully blended to form a unique, impossible to imitate (personal) style, and a sincere manifestation of personal emotion in performance. □ henry vestine

The Who are possibly the last of the late great British groups (saving the enormous potential of the Small Faces) who remain to face us "live" from the stage. Their continued success is largely due to the tall boney figure of Pete Townshend who cares so intensely about what he is doing.

Recently he finished tracks with the group for their next album, "Deaf, Dumb And Blind Boy" which is likely to give the group an entirely new significance from that of "the guitarsmashing bunch" that they have been labelled in the past.

"Magic Bus" was written about the same time as "My Generation" admits Pete. "I can no longer sit down with a straight face and write things like that although I was quite serious about them at the time.

"Mind you, I still don't know what 'Magic Bus' is all about.

"It was recorded at a time when we had just returned from our first trip to America having been conned left, right and center and no one really wanted to make a single except Kit Lambert whose job was to see that we did.

"We all got absolutely paralytic drunk one lunch time and by the time we arrived at the studio no one cared what we did.

'Magic Bus' was just a lot of fun — Keith bashing about and 'Jes' from the Alan Bown Set singing in that Stevie Winwood type voice on the record. We were just all enjoying ourselves.

"It's very difficult to know just what is going to be a hit for us now, especially in America where we were not able to do those discs like 'Happy Jack,'

'Pictures Of Lily' and 'I'm A Boy' which were a novelty in England because they had the strange attraction of being 'sweet songs' sung by a violent group.

"In America we have to find instant hits and that's really what 'Magic Bus' is."

When I interviewed Pete he was clutching an old poster of "Gone With The Wind" in one hand which he sacrilegiously referred to as "that cowboy picture" and a pint of bitter in the other. He held forth at some length about the deficiencies of Radio 1 in England.

"Radio 1 was supposed to replace the Pirate stations and it has not," said Pete emphatically. "The reason so little is happening is that the ex-Pirate DJs who helped to make groups like us and the Stones are not allowed to feature

THE WHO



Pete Townshend as composer



that kind of new talent any more.

"John Peel is the only DJ I know who has a free hand and that's basically why his program is better than anything else — most of the discs on the other show are selected by programmers with one eye on the charts and not a musical idea in their head.

"Groups like Steppenwolf who had a great disc released, 'Born To Be Wild' are hardly ever played on the BBC — they don't know they exist. Because it is so important and is virtually a monopoly it also inhibits what you write and you have to ask yourself if they will play it.

"To an extent that was why we released 'Dogs' — because we knew they would pass it as fit for human consumption. They make me incredibly cross and angry when they dictate to the very people who they were supposed to replace (the pirate djs) how it should be done."

There is no doubt that Pete is incredibly easy to interview although his deeper philosophical ideas often weigh down his argument and you find yourself lost in a sea of imponderables.

A recent interview in an American paper became so heavy he almost sank under his own intellectual weight and the inner man lay bare and embarrassingly vulnerable.

"They really had me over a barrel with that interview," admits Pete. "Everything just came spilling out — sometimes I get so involved that I wish I could preserve Keith's humorous approach to matters, I say about ten paragraphs and he comes along and destroys it with one lunatic word."

It is the almost frightening involvement that Pete has with his new album, "Deaf, Dumb And Blind Boy" which makes it so difficult to write about it.

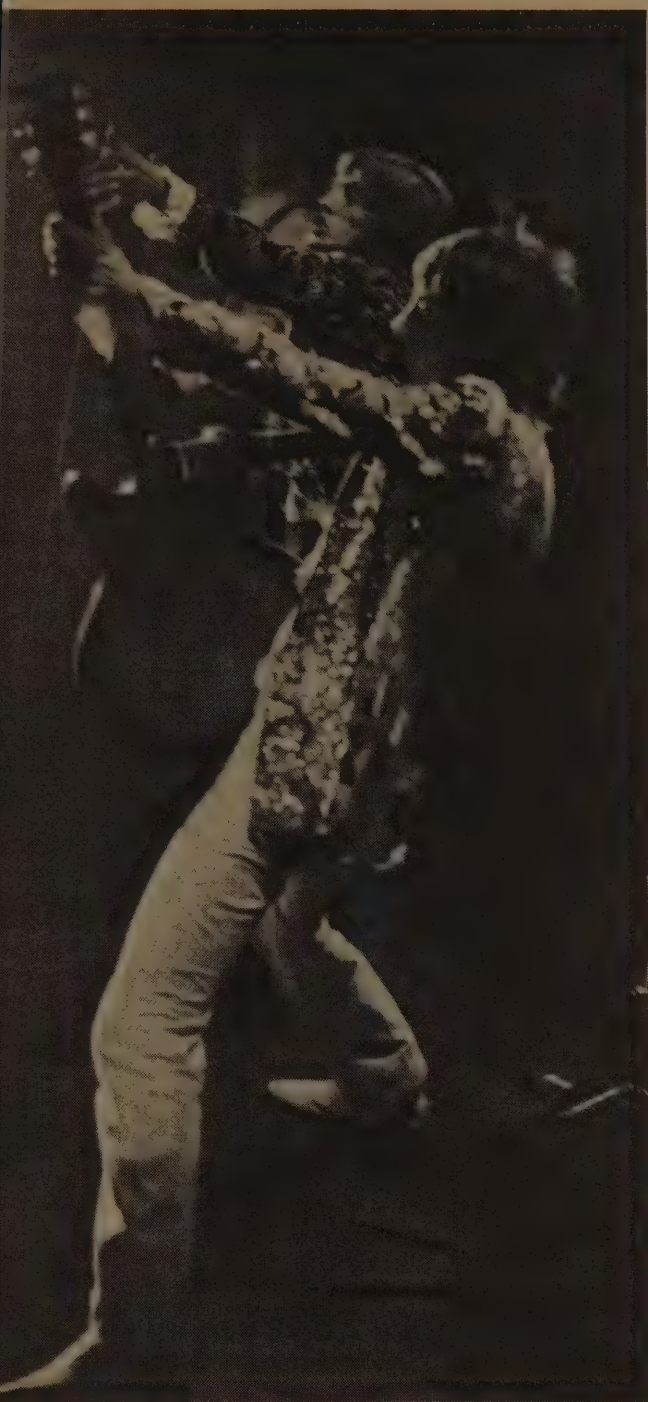
He has been working on the project for nearly two years and has obviously thought long and deeply over the problems.

It is a far from "sick" subject although too much attention to the subject might make it so.

"I wanted to get appreciation of things through the eyes of someone or something that was not preconditioned by the bias of the senses," said Pete. "I thought of looking at life through the eyes of animals, adolescents and finally the deaf, dumb and blind boy.

"The boy registers everything in the form of musical vibrations. That is if he is struck a blow — he does not feel pain — he experiences something like the chord of G. In the beginning he is horribly abused by his family.

"Because of his disabilities he develops a technique which enables him to become a pin-ball playing champion. His sight begins to come back and he becomes obsessed by his own reflection in



a mirror — then his hearing is restored when his mother shatters the mirror.

"He finally ends up as a kind of national hero who lectures on his disabilities and how he overcame them — a kind of cross between Billy Graham and a rock and roll star. He founds a holiday camp (this is Moon's idea) where all the people try to become like him by wearing eye patches, ear plugs and having corks in their mouths.

"In a way I am mocking myself because the album contains ideas and attitudes which are very important to me personally and by placing them in front of the Who they have destroyed them.

It helps you put something into perspective, sometimes, if you can take something you really care about and laugh at it. In a small way the album is a solution to the way that might achieve divinity because I have no faith in evolution, and science only reveals another two things to be revealed."

Shocked? Puzzled? Sickened? Whatever your reaction it should be something positive and that is what amongst other things Pete is looking for. I think it also fair to point out that a great deal of the influences behind the work which he has explained here you might not find on the LP. You will be left to your own deduc-

tions of many of the tracks.

Other business discussed included the Who's tour which is currently on the road and how much longer they will continue to do live appearances.

"You tend to forget what it's all about if you stop appearing on stage," said Pete. "You work out in a recording studio with instruments and all the technical hangups and then go out and face an audience in somewhere like Newcastle and it soon comes home. Someone recently wrote how good our act was and what a great guitarist I was — personally I think I'm just a flash." □ Keith Altham





Final Goodbye From THE CREAM

In early December, the deification of the Cream was completed at the Royal Albert Hall when the pulse of the last of their two encores melted into the tumult and applause and when the last clap and the final heartfelt plea of "God Save The Cream" had faded away into an atmosphere of high emotion.

Five thousand united voices hit a cry of rapture and a shower of confetti launched from the front row cascaded over Eric Clapton's bowed head.

An ecstatic fan who had prepared himself all evening for this chance charged across the side of the stage and ran off in jubilation and triumph, brandishing his "spoils" — Ginger's drumsticks — in the air. The Cream was all over.

Jack, Eric and Ginger will rise again in different guises, in different spheres, but Tuesday night's farewell performance put the Cream as a unit in its place in pop history alongside Haley, the Beatles, Presley and others.

Recently, Jack and Eric were to be found at the IBC Studios near Radio Onederland in Portland Place where, I was told, they were recording.

Ginger was notable for his absence and so too was any semblance of work when I arrived — to find Jack, Eric and their American record producer Felix Pappalardi chatting together in a small circle at one end of the deserted studio.

"We were just discussing our break-fast," offered Eric as a welcome.

We talked about the concerts, which had been a sad occasion for them also, and Jack confessed: "I was really depressed for two or three days afterwards. It was quite moving; I just didn't expect it."

Eric, who was wearing a magnificent crochet coat of many colors made by a loving fan, agreed. "We didn't really expect anything like that. It was a great reception, as good as any we have had anywhere. I don't want to knock American audiences but quality wise it was as

good and we didn't play many encores over there."

There was a summons from above for Jack to take a phone call and Eric continued: "The first show was sad because we knew it would have to be kept short and that inhibits you.

"But otherwise the other groups would have to have been cut down to about three minutes each."

Jack, Eric and Ginger have each written a new song for what will be their last LP and those will be recorded in the studio. The remainder will be made up from "live" recordings taken from four of their concerts in the American farewell tour.

As even now there is considerable bewilderment as to why a split is necessary, I asked Eric to put the reason in as concise a form as possible.

His answer, I think, sums it up:

"It is like the Cream was a consensus of what we thought we could do as individuals within a group but — be-



cause of the nature of the line up, the different backgrounds, the different points of reference — the conglomeration that resulted was such a vast compromise to what we would all have liked to do as individuals.

"Maybe we will all get together to play again some time in the future and there is no reason why we should not appear on each other's records, though it wouldn't be a big publicised thing if we did so."

And what of the future, which has also been the subject of much speculation and very little fact.

"I don't think any of us are sure what we are going to do from this. There are just certain ideas we have, just idealistic things we want to do," said Eric.

"But there are so many pressures that maybe it has made all this seem more exaggerated than it is. In essence, perhaps all we really need is a break.

"This business devours so much of your time. You don't know if you are doing the right thing or the wrong thing — or even who you are."

Apart from studio work, which is not so demanding, Eric feels that he wants

to have a rest for as long as he can, particularly from working on the road.

"This time I have no idea of what I will do as far as line-up and playing is concerned. I've got the sound; that is in my head. And I will work as close to that as I can.

"Soon, I will go into a studio and get some people there and try some things out. It will be very much a trial and error thing."

What of the widely-held belief that Eric wants to return to the blues?

"The Cream never really played that much blues," he answered.



"I think we aimed to start a revolution in musical thought. We set out to change the world, to upset people and to shock them. At the start we were going to play Elvis Presley numbers — but what happened was that we fell into doing these long instrumental pieces. Really the Cream was just an instrumental group.

When I play on my own it includes various blues figures, twelve bar things, Chuck Berry...and loosely around that.

"The sound will be bluesy, but I am not going to start playing 'Dust My Broom' or things like that."

How does he feel about the intellectualising of the Cream?

"It doesn't matter how you dig it as long as you like it. Some of the lyrics we write might not mean anything to anyone else....but it's all above my head because I never thought we were as good as they thought we were.

"The public appreciation always surprised me because I never thought we really got it together to deserve that much acclaim," he concluded with remarkable honesty.

Last time I saw Jack he told me that

the Cream had really reached its peak while on their last but one tour of the States and it was sad that the British audiences had not had a chance to see them at their height.

At the two Albert Hall concerts, 10,000 were witness to the peak they have reached while thousands more were unable to get in — and ironically it was their last performance.

"Yes I do feel rather guilty about that — I must admit," said Eric, whose breakfast arrived at that minute. And I left him eating his cornflakes.

God Save The Cream. □nick logan

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• SOULSHAKE

(As recorded by Peggy Scott & JoJo Benson/SSS International)

MYRA SMITH
MARGARET LEWIS

Dancing with you baby really turns the
soulshake on
Yeah groovin' with you baby really turns
that soulshake on
I'm a woman possessed by the way you
move
Ain't nothing 'bout you baby that I
don't approve
Come on, come on baby
Let's pour the soulshake on.

Well this dance floor is lookin' like a
great big honeycomb
And all the bees inside are really swarming
and digging the song
I'm your king bee baby
Buzzin' in this house
Well buzz on baby
Let's look alive, let's do it together
Let's pour the soulshake on.

Well there ain't nobody else in the whole
wide world like you
No, no, no, nobody else can turn me on
baby like you do
When your soul light shines
I nearly flip my mind
And when you do it, do it baby
It's fine, so fine
Groovin' with you baby
Really turns the soulshake on.

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• MAYBE TOMORROW

(As recorded by the Iveys/Apple)

TOM

Listen to a lonely sound
See the gray and sadness all around
See the people go their way
Care not of me and love I've lost today
Maybe tomorrow I will love again
I'll never know until I look into her eyes
Maybe tomorrow I will love again
I'll never know until I've seen her once or
twice.

And so I'm living for a dream
Each lonely day spend looking for the
sunshine
I'll make believe that I don't care
I'll tell my friends, I love my life, I'm
happy
Maybe tomorrow, I will love again
I'll never know until I look into her
eyes
Maybe tomorrow I will love again
I'll never know until I've seen her once
or twice

Wherever, whoever you may be
Let the light of your love
Shine through the window of my heart
Then when you've colored all my thoughts
bright
Don't let me ever, ever think of night.

Maybe tomorrow you will love again
I'll never know until I look into her eyes
Maybe tomorrow you will love again
I'll never know until I've seen her once
or twice

Maybe tomorrow you will love again
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• LONG GREEN

(As recorded by the Fireballs/Atco)

LYNN EASTON

Oh long green now
Yeah the root of evil
I said, I said, I said long green now
Oh the root of evil.

I go to work, I save my pay
Quitting time comes yeah, then home I run
Back to that broad she's awaiting for me
She saves that stuff yeah they call long green
Oh the root of evil
I said, I said, I said, long green now
Oh the root of evil.

Come on give me some long green now
Yes the root of evil
I said, I said, I said o
I said, I said, I said long green now
Oh the root of evil
Now they say the best things in life are
free
Oh don't try no you can't convince me
That is the sweat that's pouring from me
for long green now

Oh the root of evil
I said, I said, I said long green now
Yeah the root of evil
Long green now
The root of evil
I said, I said, I said long green now
Yeah the root of evil.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•ROCK ME

(As recorded by Steppenwolf/Dunhill)
JOHN KAY

She asked me maybe
I would share her sorrow
About the men that tried to treat her
wrong

Though just a baby
A-waiting her tomorrow
It's rock me baby, rock me baby
all night long

She needs an answer to her confusion
Someone to guide her with tenderness
But if she's asking for a solution
All that she gets
You know it's something like this
Don't know where we come from
Don't know where we're going to
But if all of this should have a reason
We would be the last to know
So let's just hope there is a promised land
Hang on till then as best you can
Everybody's ills you know it
Fills her with compassion
That's why she tries
To save the world alone
She helps the needy in her own fashion
And tries to give them all her own
Rock me baby, rock me baby all night
long.

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•I AM A ROCK

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/
Columbia)
P. SIMON

A winter's day in a deep and dark
December
I am alone gazing from my window
To the streets below on a freshly fallin'
silent shroud of snow
I am a rock
I am an island.

I build walls, a fortress deep and mighty
that none may penetrate
I have no need of friendship
Friendship causes pain
It's laughter and it's loving I disdain
I am a rock
I am an island.

Don't talk of love
Well I have heard the words before
It's sleeping in my memory
I won't disturb the slumber of
feelings that have died
If I never loved, I never would have cried
I am a rock
I am an island.

I have my books and my poetry
to protect me
I am shielded in my armor
Hiding in my room
Safe within my tomb
I touch no one and no one touches me
I am a rock
I am an island
And a rock feels no pain
And an island never cries.

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•TRACES

(As recorded by the Classics 4/
Imperial)

BUDDY BUIE
JAMES COBB
EMORY GORDY JR.
Fading photographs covered now with
lines and creases
Tickets torn in half
Memories in bits and pieces
Traces of love long ago that didn't work
out right
Traces of love with me tonight.

Ribbons from her hair
Souvenirs of days together
The ring she used to wear
Pages from our old love letters
Traces of love long ago that didn't work
out right
Traces of love with me tonight.

Traces of hope in the night
That she'll come back and dry these traces
of tears from my eyes
I close my eyes and say a prayer
That in her heart she'll find a trace of
love still there somewhere
Traces of love long ago
That didn't work out right
Traces of love with me tonight.

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•A HAZY SHADE OF WINTER

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/
Columbia)
P. SIMON

Time, time, time
See what's become of me
While I looked around for my possibilities
I was so hard to please
But look around leaves are brown and the
sky is a hazy shade of winter.

Hear the Salvation Army band
Down by the river side
It's bound to be a better ride than
what you've got planned
Carry your cup in your hand
And look around ya leaves are brown
now and the sky is a hazy shade of
winter.

Hang on to your hopes, my friend
That's an easy thing to say but if your
hopes should pass away
Simply pretend that you can build
them again
Look around, grass is high
The fields are ripe
It's the springtime of my life.

Oh seasons change with the scenery
Weaving time in a tapestry
Won't you stop and remember me
at any convenient time
Funny how my memory skips
While looking over manuscripts of un-
published rhyme.

Drinking my Vodka and wine
I look around leaves are brown now
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter
Look around leaves are brown
There's a patch of snow on the ground,
There's a patch of snow on the ground.

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•THE LETTER

(As recorded by the Arbors/Date)
WAYNE THOMPSON

Give me a ticket for an airplane
Ain't got time to take the fastest train
Lonely days are gone
I'm a-goin' home
My baby just wrote me a letter
I don't care how much money I got to
spend

Got to get back to my baby again
Lonely days are gone
I'm goin' home
My baby just wrote me a letter.

Well she wrote me a letter
Said she couldn't live without me
no more
Listen Mister, can't you see I got to get
back to my baby once more

Anyway give me a ticket for an airplane
Ain't got time to take the fastest train
Lonely days are gone
I'm a - goin' home
My baby just wrote me a letter.

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•SOUNDS OF SILENCE

(As recorded by Simon and Garfunkel/
Columbia)
PAUL SIMON

Hello darkness my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my
brain
Still remains within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone
Through narrow streets of cobblestone
Beneath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash
of a neon light
Split night and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw ten thousand
people maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never
shared
No one dared disturb the sound of silence.

"Fools!" said I "You do not know silence
like a cancer grows"
"Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you"
But my words like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed to the
neon god they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the signs said "The words of the
prophets are written on the subway walls
and tenement halls"
And whisper in the sounds of silence.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•SOULFUL STRUT

(Am I The Same Girl)

(As recorded by Barbara Acklin/
Brunswick)
EUGENE RECORD
SONNY SANDERS

Why don't you stop and look me over
Am I the same girl you used to know
Why don't you stop and think it over
Am I the same girl whom you hurt so
I'm the one you want
I'm the one you need
I'm the one you loved
The one you used to meet around the corner every day
We would meet and slip away
But we're much too young to love each other in this way
Am I the same girl, am I the same girl.

Am I the same girl, am I the same girl.
I'm the one you hurt but I'm the one you need
I'm the one who cried, the one you used to meet
But you're pretending, you don't care
And the fire, oh, is still there
Am I the same girl, am I the same girl
And we're no longer too young to love each other in the same way.

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•FAKIN' IT

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/
Columbia)
PAUL SIMON

When she goes she's gone
If she stays, she stays here
The girl does what she wants to do
She knows what she wants to do
And I know I'm fakin' it
I'm not really makin' it

I'm such a dubious soul
And a walk in the garden wears me down
Tangled in the fallen vines
Pickin' up the punch lines
I've just been fakin' it
Not really makin' it
No, no, no, no
Is they any danger?
No, no, not really
Just lean on me
Take the time to treat your friendly neighbors honestly
I've just been fakin' it, fakin' it
Not really makin' it
This feelin' of fakin' it
I still haven't shaken it
Prior to this lifetime
I surely was a tailor
Look at me
I own a tailor's face and hand
I am the tailor's face and hand
I know I'm fakin' it, fakin' it
I'm not really makin' it
This feelin' of fakin' it
I still haven't shaken it, shaken it
I know I'm fakin' it
I'm not really makin' it.

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•THE WEIGHT

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)

J.R. ROBERTSON
I pulled into Nazareth
Was feelin' 'bout half past dead
I just need some place where I can lay my head
Hey mister can you tell me where a girl might find a bed
He just grinned and shook my hand
No was all he said
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on me

I picked up my bag
I went lookin' for a place to hide
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walking side by side
I said hey Carmen, come on let's go downtown
She said I gotta go
But my friend can stick around
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on me

Go down Moses there's nothing you can say
It's just old Luke and Luke's waiting on the judgement day
Well Luke my friend what about Anna Lee
He said do me a favor
Won't you stay and keep Anna Lee company
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the weight on me

Catch me a cannonball now take me on down the line
My bag is sinking low and I do believe it's time
Get in touch with Fanny
You know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on me
on me

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•A LOVER'S QUESTION

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Atco)
BROOK BENTON
JIMMIE WILLIAMS

Does she love me with all her heart
Should I worry when we're apart
A lover's question I'd like to know
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Does she need me as she pretends
Is this a game will I win
A lover's question I'd like to know
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
I'd like to know when she's not with me
I'd like to know when we're kissing
Does she feel just what I feel
And how am I to know it's really real
Oh, tell me where the answer lies
In her kiss or in her eyes?
A lover's question I'd like to know
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

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•ANYTHING YOU CHOOSE

(As recorded by Spanky & Our Gang/
Mercury)
STUART SCHARF

Hey girl, I'll do anything you say
'Cause you've got a smile like a pocketful of diamonds
You got the lips like I wish that they would ask me to stay here
Uh Uh Uh, oo mama, uh oh oh
(Come on now)
Oh yeah, uh huh huh.

Hey girl, hey girl anything you choose
But I read your eyes like a story in a newspaper
And when we touch they say how much you want me to stay here
Uh uh uh, oo mama uh oh oh
Well, but it's the same old story
Gotta catch 'em on the fly and leave 'em when you want to
My old alibi think that love is gettin' high
With anyone you want to
My, ain't it funny now the evenin' goes by when you don't know if you're goin' to
Hey, girl, have it anyway you want
But I got no eyes for livin' from a suitcase
Say the work I think you'll find me willin' to stay here
Uh uh uh, oo mama uh oh oh.

Hey girl, hey girl won't ya take a chance
Y'sure sound silly when you talk about romance
But late at night I think that it might really be the answer
Uh uh uh, oo mama uh oh oh
Well, it's the same old story
Gotta catch 'em on the fly
And leave 'em when you want to
My old alibi think that love is gettin' high
With anyone you want to
My, ain't it funny now the evenin' goes by when you don't know if you're goin' to.

Hey girl take yours anyway you want
But I'll take two lumps, a donut and a cupcake
Aw, hey do you want me to stay here
Uh uh uh, oo mama uh oh oh.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• I GOT A LINE ON YOU

(As recorded by Spirit/Ode)
R. CALIFORNIA

Let me take you baby, down to the river
bed
Got to tell you somethin', go right to your
head
Cause I got a line on you, babe
I got a line on you.

Gotta put your arms around me
With every bit of your love
If you know what to do, I'll make love
to you
Cause you got the right line to make it
through these times
I got a line on you babe
I got a line on you babe
I got a line on you baby.

I got a line on you
I got a line on you babe
You know my winter's almost over
My summer! she's comin' on strong
I can love you, love you, love you,
love you all year long
I got a line on you babe
I got a line on you
I got a line on you babe
I got a line on you
I got a line on you babe
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• YOU GAVE ME A MOUNTAIN

(As recorded by Frankie Laine/ABC)
MARTY ROBBINS

Born in the heat of the night of the desert
My mother died givin' me life
Despised and disgraced by my father
Blamed for the loss of his wife
I know, Lord, I've been in prison
For something that I've never done
It's been one hill after another
And I've climbed them, Lord, one by one.

But this time Lord, you gave me a mountain
A mountain I may never climb
It isn't a hill any longer
You gave me a mountain this time.

A woman got tired of the hardships
Tired of grief and strife
Tired of working for nothing
Tired of bein' my wife.
She took my one ray of sunshine
She took my pride and my joy
She took my reason for living
She took my small baby boy.

But this time Lord, you gave me a mountain
A mountain I may never climb
It isn't a hill any longer
You gave me a mountain this time.

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• DIZZY

(As recorded by Tommy Roe/ABC)
T. ROE

FREDDIE WELLER
First time that I saw you girl
I knew that I just had to make you mine
But it's so hard to talk to you
Fellows hangin' 'round you all the time
I want you for my sweet pet
But you keep playing hard to get
I'm goin' around in circles all the time.

Finally got to talk to you
I told you just exactly how I felt
Then I held you close to me and kissed
you
And my heart began to melt
Girl you got control of me
Cause I'm so dizzy, I can't see
I need to call a doctor for some help
Dizzy, I'm so dizzy
My head's spinnin' like a whirlpool that
never ends
And it's you girl making it spin
You're making me dizzy.

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• THESE ARE NOT MY PEOPLE

(As recorded by Johnny Rivers/
Imperial)
JOE SOUTH

First your mama and your papa sent
you to the finest school
Never let it be said that their little darling
was a fool
With a credit card and your good name
You were drawn like a moth to a flame
To the people of the night
Where you more or less lost your cool.

These are not my people
These are not my people
It looks like the end my friend
Gotta get in the wind my friend.

You had 20-20 vision and still you were
walking around blind
And whether right or wrong I still tag along
behind
You rejected reality, you thought I had to
set you free
So it's time to say, you go your way and
I'll go mine
It's been a gas, but I'm gonna have to
pass.
(Repeat chorus).

You found yourself naked in a world with
no place to hide
Then you felt the pulse of your god
And he had died
You're a rebel but you got no cause
You're a tiger but you got no claws
They promised you the world on a string
but you know they lied
You said you would be back in a big
Cadillac limousine
But you know I'm inclined to think it's
not the kind that you mean
Cause when you fall down off your cloud
And you're just another face in the crowd
They're gonna throw you away like last
week's magazines
Pretty pals, sociable gals.

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Inc.

• RUN AWAY CHILD, RUNNING WILD

(As recorded by the Temptations/
Gordy)

N. WHITFIELD

B. STRONG

You played hookey from school and you
can't go out to play, yeah
Mama said for the rest of the week in
your room you gotta stay, yeah
Now you feel like the whole world's
pickin' on you
But deep down inside you know it ain't
true
You've been punished cause your mother
wants to raise you the right way, yeah
But you don't care
Cause you already made up your mind
you wanna run away, yeah
You're on your way
Run away child, running wild
Run away child, running wild
Better come back home
Better come back home
Where you belong
Where you belong.

Roaming through the city
Going nowhere fast
You're on your own at last
Hey it's getting late, where will you sleep
Gettin' kind-a hungry
You forgot to bring something to eat
Oh lost with no money, you start to cry
But remember you left home wanting to
be grown
So dry your weepin' eyes
Siren screamin' down, neon light is
flickin'
You want your mama

Ah there's nothing for you
You're frightened and confused
I want my mama
But she's much too far away
She can't hear a word you say
You heard some frightening news on the
radio
About little boys running away from home
And their parents don't see them no more
You wanna hitch a ride and go home
But your mama told you never trust a
stranger
And you don't know which way to go.

Streets are dark and deserted
Not a sound nor sign of life
How you long to hear your mother's
voice
Cause you're lost and alone
But remember you make the choice
Run away child, running wild
Better go back home where you belong
Run away child, running wild
Better go back home where you belong

You're lost in this great big city
(Go back home where you belong)
Not one familiar face
Ain't it a pity
(Go back home where you belong)
Oh run away child, running wild
You better go back home where you belong
Mama, mama please come and see about
me
But she's much too far away
She can't hear a word you say
I want my mama
You're frightened and confused
Which way will you choose.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THERE'LL COME A TIME

(As recorded by Betty Everett/Uni)

FLOYD SMITH
EUGENE RECORD

There'll come a time in every girl's life
she'll have to cry
There'll come a time when the heart won't
take no more
She'll have to cry, cry, cry, cry
Baby sometimes you see the rich have to
cry
The poor have to cry
You got to cry
And I got to cry sometimes
I'll say it again
Rich have to cry, the poor have to cry
you got to cry
I got to cry, oh yeah.

Oh love, oh love, oh love
Why you wanna go
Away and leave me here to cry
When you knew I would miss you
But oh baby if you'd please, please come
back to me
I aploogize, if I ever made you cry
You see the rich have to cry, poor have
to cry
You got to cry, and I got to cry.

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•I'LL TRY SOMETHING NEW

(As recorded by Diana Ross & The
Supremes & The Temptations/
Motown)

WILLIAM ROBINSON

I will build you a castle with a tower so
high
Till it reaches the moon
I'll gather melodies from birdies that fly
And compose you a tune
Give you lovin' warm as mama's oven and
if that don't do
Then I'll try something new.

I will take you away with me as far as I
can
To Venus or Mars
There we will love with your hand in my
hand
You'll be king of the stars
Everyday we can play on the Milky Way
And if that don't do I'll have to try some-
thing new
I will bring you a flower from the floor of
the sea to wear in your hair
I'll do anything and every little thing to
make you happy boy to show you that I
care
I'll pretend I'm jealous of all the fellows and
Then I'll try something new.

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•SHOT GUN

(As recorded by Vanilla Fudge/Atco)

AUTRY DE WALT
Shotgun, I said, shotgun
Shoot 'em before he run now
Do the jerk, baby
Do the jerk now
Hey put on your red dress
And then you go downtown
I said buy yourself a shotgun now
You gonna beat it down now
We gonna load it up before now
Then we shoot 'em before he run now
I said put on your high heel shoes
I said we're going down here and listen
to them play the blues
We're gonna dig potatoes
We're gonna pick tomatoes
I said shoot 'em before he run now
Do the jerk baby
Do the jerk now
I said it's twine time
I said it's twine time.

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•I DON'T KNOW WHY

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder/
Tamla)

HUNTER
HARDAWAY
WONDER
RISER

I don't know why I love you
I don't know why I love you
I don't know why I love you
But I love you.

Always treat me like a fool
Kick me when I'm down that's your rule
I don't know why I love you
But I love you
Oh you never stop your cheatin' ways
with another guy
You laugh in my face
Lord how long must I be disgraced
Cause I love you
Oh baby, baby, baby
I don't know why I love you
I don't know
You and me baby, oh
I don't know why I love you baby
But I love you baby
Oh darlin', darlin', darlin'.

You throw my heart down in the dirt
You made me crawl on this cold black
earth, baby
No I never, I never knew how much love
could hurt
Until I loved you baby
Till I loved you baby, baby
Oh baby, I can't stop, I can't stop crying
can't you see
Here I'm pleadin' on my knees
I'm on my knees
Won't you help me, help me please
Cause I love you, I love you baby
Sure enough, baby, yeah
I don't know, you don't know
We don't know none of us
Can't do nothing about it
I don't know, I don't know
Oh baby, I don't know, I don't know
Nobody can do nothing about it.

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•TIME OF THE SEASON

(As recorded by the Zombies/Date)

R. ARGENT
It's the time of the season
When love runs high
In this time give it to me easy
And let me try with pleased hands
To take you in the sun
to promised lands
To show you everyone
It's the time of the season
for loving.

What's your name, who's your daddy
Is he rich like me
Has he taken anytime to show you what
you need to live
(Tell it to me slowly)
Tell you what
(I really want to know)
It's the time of the season for loving.

What's your name who's your daddy
Is he rich like me
Has he taken anytime to show you what
you need to live
(Tell it to me slowly)
Tell you what
(I really want to know)

It's the time of the season for loving.
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•DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME

(As recorded by Dusty Springfield/
Atlantic)

GERRY GOFFIN
CAROLE KING

Baby, I know you've got to go
I have no right to tell you not to go
The road just isn't there for us
There never was a prayer for us
You know how much I want you now
I'd only stay here
Give you tears to haunt you now
If another baby, sets you free to choose
again
Is your life to win or lose again
Hey just don't forget about me now baby
Beggin' you please, just don't forget about
me now baby
Today I cannot borrow
A minute of your tomorrow
Don't let it cause you sorrow
Baby please don't forget about me now
baby
Just don't forget about me.

Ah someday our paths may cross again
Baby then we'll have the kind of love that
lasts again
But for now, I'm going to let you go
And ourselves we got to get to know
Hey now don't forget about me now baby
Oh please don't forget about me now baby
Today I cannot borrow
One minute of your tomorrow
Don't let it cause you sorrow
Hey baby don't forget about me now baby
Hey don't forget about me now baby.
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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•TEARDROP CITY

(As recorded by the Monkees/Columbia)
TOMMY BOYCE
BOBBY HART

'Bout as low as I felt in a long time
And I know that I did her wrong
Did the wrong thing
It's plain to see
She's down on me and I know she'll
feel that way for a long time
I was high on top but I didn't know it
Tell me why did I have to go and blow it
I used my lines too many times
And now I've got a badly hurt heart to
show it

Took me too long to discover
How much I really love her
How'd I ever end up in this bag
what a drag

There she goes looking for greener clovers
No one knows what it's like till it's over
Without a doubt I just found out
And I suppose I never did get to know her
Ah teardrop city, teardrop city.

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•SWEET CHERRY WINE

(As recorded by Tommy James & The
Shondells/Roulette)

TOMMY JAMES
RICHIE GRASSO
Come on -everyone we gotta get together
now
Oh yeah, love's the only thing that matters
and how
And the beauty of life can only survive
If we love one another
Yesterday my friends were marching out
to war
Listen now we ain't a-marching anymore
No we ain't gonna fight
Only God has the right to decide
To decide who's to live or die
He gave us sweet cherry wine
So very fine
Drink it right down, pass it all around
So stimulating, so intoxicating
Sweet cherry wine
To open your mind
And everybody's gonna feel so fine
Drinking sweet cherry wine

Watch the mountain turn
To dust and glow away
Oh Lord you know there's got to be a
better way
And the old masquerade as a no soul
parade
Marchin' through the ruins of time
To save us you gave sweet cherry wine

Sweet cherry wine, so very fine
Drink it right down
Pass it all around
So stimulating, so intoxicating
Sweet cherry wine
Drink it with your brother
Trust in one another, yeah, yeah
We need each other, sweet cherry wine
So very fine
Drink it right down, pass it all around
People don't you know the cup is running
over
Sweet cherry wine.

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•THIS GIRL'S IN LOVE WITH YOU

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/
Scepter)

HAL DAVID
BURT BACHARACH
You see this girl, this girl's in love
with you
Yes I'm in love
Who looks at you the way I do
When you smile I can tell we know each
other very well
How can I show you, I'm glad I got
to know you

Cause I've heard some talk
They say you think I'm fine
This girl's in love and what I'd do to
make you mine
Tell me now is it so
Don't let me be the last to know
My hands are shakin'
Don't let my heart keep breaking
Cause I need your love
I want your love
Say you're in love and you'll be my guy
If not I'll just die

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•MY WHOLE WORLD ENDED (The Moment You Left Me)

(As recorded by David Ruffin/Motown)

JOHNNY BRISTOL
HARVEY FUQUA
PAM SAWYER
JIMMY ROACH

Last week my life had meaning
It was beautiful and so sweet
But now it's nothing, nothing without you
baby
My whole world is incomplete
Cause honey I can't see you no more
That was all that you said baby
But you just might as well have placed a
gun to my head
Baby, baby, oh why did you do it
My whole world ended
The moment you left me
Yeah baby, honey, my whole world ended
The moment you left me
It tumbled down to the group, baby.

Did you ever mean those sweet things
All that you use to say

Did you mean 'em, baby
A lovely, lovely garden and a little baby
someday
Oh tell me baby
Where did I go wrong, honey
Whatever changed your mind, baby
I've asked myself these questions over a
million times
Baby, baby, oh baby
My whole world ended the moment you left
me
It tumbled down to the ground, baby, baby,
baby
Oh baby now my body is numb
I feel so senseless to the touch
My life is so wasted, so wasted without you
I guess I love you much too much
Oh baby how can I face tomorrow when
yesterday is all I see
I just don't want to face tomorrow
If you're not sharing it with me
Baby, baby oh tell me why my whole
world ended
The moment you left me
Oh yes it did, baby, baby
My whole world ended the moment you
left me
It tumbled down to the ground, baby.
Baby, I keep holding on, holding on al-
though your love is gone, baby.

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•HEAVEN

(As recorded by the Rascals/Atlantic)
F. CAVALIERE

Sometimes baby when you're really down
It just doesn't seem to be a ray of hope
around
And everybody that you meet kinda wears
a frown
It's cold and lonely in the heart of town
Got to tell you all
There, there's a place that's called heaven
Don't you ever forget
Now once you've heard about heaven, yeah
I'm gonna get there yet.

Some days you laugh
Some days you cry
Sometimes it feels like the world passed
you right by
But, everybody's got to find a peaceful
place to hide
You're out looking till you look inside
and I see you found it
There's a place that's called heaven
You might think that's kinda square, oh oh
yeah
Don't believe in heaven
You ain't never been there
They try to bring you down to their way
of thinking, yeah
But don't you do it, no no

Don't you let it get by
A little voice inside will tell you exactly
what you're gonna do.
Don't be blue.

Don't have to go lookin' near or far
Cause you can find happiness standing
right where you are
Just open up the windows that are in your
heart
And let the light shine, bring a love song
if you're really together
There's a place that's called heaven
Filled with joy and peace, oh oh oh yeah

Once you get a look at heaven
You'll find the love that you seek
You'll find a world filled with peace
And all your troubles will cease
You know somebody said to keep on
pushing
Cause there's a change that's got to come
She said thank the Lord
And everyday I thank you Lord
For all the stars and all the seas and all
the birds and all the bees.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

(As recorded by Three Dog Night/
Dunhill)

HARRY WOODS

JIMMY CAMPBELL

REG. CONNELLY

Oh she may be weary

Young girls they do get weary

Wearing that same old, funky dress

But oo while she gets weary, weary

Won't you try some tenderness

You know she's there waiting

And anticipating

For the things she'll never, never have
oh no no

Oo while she gets weary

Won't you try, oh try some tenderness.

It's not nowhere sentimental no no
She had love, she had her grief and care
But when soft words were spoken
Makes it easier, easier, easier to bear
You know you won't regret it no
Some girls they don't regret it no
Some girls they don't forget it
Loving the same old, same old happiness,
yeah

Oo while she gets weary, weary
Won't you try, oh try some tenderness
I feel a little lonely
You got to hold her, squeeze her, never
leave her
You got to, you got to, you got to
Try some tenderness
I feel good right now
You got to hold her, squeeze her never
leave her
Got to, got to yeah you got to
Try, try, try, try, try some tenderness
You got to hold her, squeeze her, never
leave her
You got to hold her squeeze her, never
leave her
You got to listen to me.

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•DAY AFTER DAY (Slipping Away)

(As recorded by Shango/A&M)

JERRY RIOPELLE

STUART MARGOLIN

TOMMY REYNOLDS

Day after day more people come to L.A.

Don't you tell anybody

The whole place is slipping away

Do you know the swim

You better learn quick Jim

Those who don't know the swim

Better sing the hymn

Tuna at the bowl, fine fillet

Oh much soul, whoo whoo

What can we do

With a bushel of wet gold

Dry it out

Where can we go

When there's no San Francisco

Better get ready

To tie up the boat in Idaho.

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•PROUD MARY

(As recorded by Creedence clearwater
Revival/Fantasy)

JOHN FOGERTY

Left a good job in the city

Workin' for the man every night and day

And I never lost one minute of sleepin'

Worryin' bout the way things might have
been.

Big Wheel keep on turnin'

Proud Mary keep on burnin'

Rollin', rollin' rollin' on the river

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis

Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans

But I never saw the good side of the city
Until I hitched a ride on a river boat
queen.

Big Wheel keep on turnin'

Proud Mary keep on burnin'

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river.

If you come down to the river

Bet you gonna find some people who live

You don't have to worry 'cause you have

no money

People on the river are happy to give.

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•LOVIN' THINGS

(As recorded by the Grass Roots/
Dunhill)

ARTHUR SCHROECK

JET LORING

It's the lovin' things you do

That make me grow so close to you

Gonna want you my whole life through

For the lovin' things, baby, that you do.

It's the lovin' things you say

That gives me comfort every day

By your side I'm gonna stay

To hear the lovin' things, baby.

It's the lovin' things combined that
make me know true love ain't blind
I'm so glad our hearts intertwined
From these lovin' things that are
all combined

Since that day our love began

I've become a new and happy man

I can hold my head up high

When you are near I touch the sky

With your soft and sweet caress

You brought me such tenderness

To think I was once forsaken

With your kiss, I did awaken.

It's the lovin' things you sigh

That puts sunshine in my eye

I have you now, I'm satisfied

With the lovin' things, baby, that you sigh.

Long ago, how I still recall that a pretty
face was my downfall

I was hurt so many times

That I must admit I soon grow doubtful

Then you walked into my life

And how you'd soon end all my strife

With a smile from your young face

You gave me back my inspiration.

It's the lovin' things we share

That assures me how you care

Our friends call us the perfect pair for the

lovin' things, baby, that we share.

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•CLOUD 9

(As recorded by The Temptations/
Gordy)

BARRETT STRONG

NORMAN WHITFIELD

Childhood part of my life it wasn't very
pretty

You see I was born and raised in the

slums of the city

It was a one-room shack that slept ten

other children besides me

We hardly had enough food or room to

sleep

It was hard times needed something to

ease my troubled mind

Listen my father didn't know the meaning

of work

He disrespected momma and treated us

like dirt

I left home seeking a job

That I never did find

Depressed and downhearted I took to cloud

9

I'm doing fine up here on cloud 9

Listen one more time I'm doing fine up

here on cloud 9
Folks down there tell me
They say give yourself a chance, son
Don't let life pass you by
But the world of reality is a rat race
Where only the strongest survive
It's a dog eat dog world
And that ain't no lie
Listen it ain't even safe no more to walk
the streets at night
I'm doing fine on cloud 9

Let me tell you about cloud 9
Cloud 9, you can be what you wanna be
You ain't got no responsibility
And every man, every man is free
And you're a million miles from reality
I wanna say I love the life I live
And I'm gonna live the life I love
Up here on cloud 9

I'm riding high on cloud 9
You're as free as a bird in flight
There's no difference between day and night
It's a world of love and harmony
You're a million miles from reality cloud 9
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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

I never expected to have occasion to use that old-fashioned term of derision, "artsy-craftsy" in today's big sloppy world of rock, but it applies well to one of the pieces of plastic I've heard in the last year, the staggeringly pretentious *Balaklava* by Pearls Before Swine. The reason I say this is that, while there is a record-breaking amount of noise lying in wait behind PSYCHEDELIC album covers today, this particular album was recommended by a writer whose opinions I trust: All I can say is that the young critic must have put his usually acute ears away in cotton batting before hearing this.

The musicians playing, a basic group of four augmented, according to the credits, by four 'guest artists' makes a full, even luscious sound at times, reminiscent of Country Joe and the Fish, but unfortunately lacking the crispness and bite of the Fish sound; and all these gorgeous, muted flutes and clavinettes and stuff are a mere backdrop for...What?...Tom Rapp, the group's guiding genius, is a mediocre creator....Rapp's singing is just incredible; he even beats out Steve Noonan who was my previous choice for the Art Gargle Award this year....But on a guy's own songs—or those of his affiliated buddies—a certain amount of flatness, quavering and nasality may be permitted—after all, maybe that's what was wanted...who can say? But I had the experience of listening to Side B, Cut One, "Suzanne," first—Usually when I buy a new album this is what I do—listen to any cuts on it that I have heard done by other people just to orient myself, a point of reference; well, my first reaction was that Rapp was doing a parody of Leonard Cohen—I clapped my hands and said, "Oh, cute"—The first time he went completely flat I said "Incredible!" but in the most complimentary spirit....It was perfect, I thought, even down to the quasi-Medieval string accompaniment, and that wavering in-and-out effect that John Simon innovated with the Cohen album—makes it sound like the singer is sitting on the edge of the turntable as it goes round, or like one of those revolving air raid sirens; the whole thing took me back to childhood memories of singer Jo Stafford's delicious parody creation "Darlene Edwards," while her husband Paul Weston, as "Jonathon Edwards," riffed arpeggios off the grand piano....something is just a LITTLE BIT out of whack here, shades of Jonathan and Darlene Edwards....

But, no, unfortunately, after I had heard a few more cuts, I began to realize that Rapp is an actual ADMIRER of Cohen, in fact, that is an understatement; I think he must idolize Cohen because almost every Tom Rapp 'original' on the record sounds like Cohen. And to think, I've been grumbling around about John Simon's Cohen productions...John! All is forgiven! Pearls Before Swine makes Leonard Cohen's album look very good indeed.



The title of this album is *Balaklava*, and the Balaklava theme isn't too well integrated into the all-over feeling of the album—I have to stop and tell a joke here, about the dean of local newspaper movie critics in this fairly large, supposedly cosmopolitan Eastern city, who mentioned in passing in his review of the film, "The Charge of The Light Brigade," that it was based on "...the Kipling novel..." He printed a correction, but only after a junior high English teacher from Upper Marlboro, Maryland, or somewhere wrote in to assure him that Balaklava was immortalized in Tennyson's poem....Anyway, some Unseen Force seems to have decided that this is Remember Balaklava Year; with Rapp and the Pearls, the idea appears to have been almost an afterthought—You know: I like Tolkein, and I don't like war, either.... But the nice front cover is almost worth buying the record for....and how many record albums can you buy, even in these grotesque days, that have a center label, as well as a cover, with details from Breughel's "The Triumph of Death": This is a record you buy to hang on the wall—put the glue on the "Suzanne" side. You might want to pull that freaky 15-second tape squeeze at the end of "Ring Thing" first though....tape squeezes are a dime a dozen in today's album competition, but the Pearls have a particularly pure and concise one—quintessential tape squeeze to gris-gris irksome neighbors—(The ones who keep playing "Climb Every Mountain" and the soundtrack from "Cabaret")—and a Breughel to hang up in the billiard room, next to your Bosch's....Some people may find it well worth \$3.99 or even \$4.98...I wouldn't dream of trying to influence your decision...I keep saying I'm not in the business of trying to sell—or hinder the selling of—record albums; I'm only trying to have a little fun with music, and when you get hold of an album like *Balaklava*, you have a choice of cramming it back in the stack behing your other records and feeling rooked, or trying to squeeze the hell out of every shred of edifying entertainment you can extrapolate from it...and I find that *Balaklava* by Pearls Before Swine can be used in a variety of ways as effective pop art, even if those are not quite the ways creator Tom Rapp had in mind for his conception. □

JIMMY PAGE

Talks About Led Zeppelin

Led Zeppelin may sound a pretty incongruous sort of name to Americans unfamiliar with the British sense of humor, but when Who drummer Keith Moon dreamed up the title for Jimmy Page's new group he was recalling an ancient British saying. They say that when a joke falls flat, it "goes down like a lead Zeppelin" — (named after the World War I airship) — but Page's new combo seems in little danger of flopping.

For their recent appearance at London's Marquee Club, the ex-Yardbirds guitarist whipped his men into a commendable frenzy which was not without its moments of inspiration and extensive improvisation. "Our music sort of resembles jazz as far as the improvisation is concerned," explained the leader. "All I can say is that we're just sort of moving on and throwing ideas to each other.

"We usually have the beginning part worked out in advance and the ending, and we might have a couple of cues as to what the thing is going to go into, but we might go off into anything — who knows? We do have some numbers that are more or less the same from beginning to end but they're mostly the shorter ones, and anyway, it's more of a challenge to experiment."

Led Zeppelin, which has been flying high since last October, was more or less formed overnight. Jimmy explained that he had several old Yardbirds dates to fulfill in Scandinavia, but was without a manageable group. "We had a singer and Chris Dreja from the old Yardbirds was going to play bass, but I thought we'd have to cancel out. Then suddenly everyone phoned up at the same time and Chris decided to drop out in favor of John Paul Jones. He's going into management, anyway, and as he liked John, he thought it would be a good idea to have him in the band."

Jimmy's other henchmen are singer Robert Plant, a powerful, progressive vocalist in the Jack Bruce mould who also doubles on harmonica, and drummer John Bonham who has obviously listened to some of the 'guv'nor' percussionists in the jazz world. John Paul Jones is, like Jimmy, a former session guitarist of nationwide reputation, and this stint represents the first time he has worked with a name group

on a fulltime basis. "John had worked with some groups on his road, but mainly just for the chance of playing and because it was easy music to fit into. Before he came with us, he was working on sessions with Donovan and people like that. But I'm very happy with all of them as people," said Jimmy.

Jimmy Page is one of the most affable and easy-going people in the world of progressive music; as relaxed and beautiful off-stage as he is tormented and angry in front of the crowd. When I caught the Led Zeppelin at London's Marquee Club just before Christmas, I thought they had a tendency to go on for too long and destroy effective climaxes by trying to top them with a further musical climax. Jimmy took this criticism kindly. "It's funny you should say that, because when we played here at the Roundhouse, the reaction was so good that I asked people what they thought of the group. Nearly everyone I spoke to said 'oh, it was great, but you could have done longer!' It seems to be the scene now."

I asked whether he thought extended improvisation in pop was the inevitable course for all groups to pursue. "Well," he replied, "I haven't really heard that many bands lately, but on that Cream LP where they do the live things, there's a very long track called 'Crossroads' and maybe that's it. I don't think you plan these things; you just sort of get into it."

"If it gets boring, then obviously it's no good. We try to change it around a bit and if it goes in one way for too long, then we try to think of something else."

He agreed that he knew what I meant about the repeated climaxes. "You see, you take a chance with all this Free Form stuff. I suppose that if everything was really clear-cut and rehearsed and you know exactly what note you were going to play, then it wouldn't be free. It would be more like the Hollies or someone like that."

Jimmy himself attracts a lot of attention from aspiring guitarists who marvel at the ease with which he bends the strings on his 1958 Fender Telecaster. "Mainly they come along and they ask what sort of strings you use, but all I can say is that they're very, very light. It foxes them because if they

haven't been playing very long and they've got heavy strings on, it's such a physical effort. The main thing is to have them strung very light, you see. Sometimes they come up and ask how did you do so-and-so on a record and you try to show 'em, but you can't always explain it!"

His most impressive feat on the night I caught the group, was bowing his guitar strings in harmony with the vocal on a number called 'Days of Confusion.' Surprisingly, I discovered that he first tried out this feat more than three years ago. "With the voice we try to do a lot of answering phrases and so on and that usually builds up into quite a thing with the voice following behind," Jimmy explained.

"The bow thing came about when I was doing sessions. One of the violinists came up to me and said 'why don't you use a bow on it?' I said 'oh, it can't work at all', but I tried it and it was working. As soon as I joined the old Yardbirds, we used it then. There is someone else who started out at about the same time as me — a guy with the Creation — but I don't know if either party knew about the other until some time later."

According to the guitarist, British audiences are more critical and narrow-minded than their American counterparts. "They all have their idols like Eric or Jimi, and if you're not careful they accuse you of copying all round. They say 'hey, that's an Eric Clapton phrase!' or 'that's a Hendrix phrase!', so what I do now is to listen to classical music for pleasure so that I don't get caught up in this kind of danger. It seems that in America they're fairer in that they accept more than one person on the instrument."

He went on: "I had this thing the other day when I wanted to do some hard practicing and I didn't know how to go about it! Now I know that when I go on stage, whatever I do is just something that comes out, it could be blues or whatever. I think that if you really just sort of lay yourself open to all sorts of media, different styles of music, it will all go in and come out on stage without you actually having to religiously copy a phrase at home and try to repeat it on stage the next day."



Jimmy, who apart from his black-necked Fender Telecaster (custom-wired and the first of its kind, incidentally), uses a custom-built Tone-bender fuzzbox and a standard wah wah pedal and an assortment of amps. He is more interested in what he manages to play than in what he actually plays it on, but he had this advice for aspiring young guitarists: "As usual, keep practicing.

"At the beginning you have to get it off records because that's about the only way of doing it. If anything really foxes you and you can't quite get it off, go along and see if you can spot the player doing it. It would be pretty difficult with someone like Hendrix, but with someone like Jeff Beck who plays all over the place, you can look and see if it's a trick of the trade or what-

ever. That's more or less how I started doing it, anyway. I'd practice and then say to myself, well, how can I go on from that phrase? Then you'll start working in your own things eventually."

Led Zeppelin had just completed their first album when I interviewed the leader who declared himself to be "quite pleased" with the results. "At least there's nothing on it that I'm ashamed of," he smiled. "But I do have a pretty restless mind."

Right now he is itching to get to work on his latest acquisition, a flat pedal steel guitar of the kind used by C&W players. "I don't know what other instrument uses this system but it's pretty effective. It works on a system of rollers and when you push down on the pedals, the strings sharpen

or flatten accordingly. It's just a real piece of machinery, actually, and I've been playing some blues on it. You play it with three picks, (two fingers and a thumb) and it's a hard instrument to learn. It's tuned to a chord and you put this steel bar over the top and change the chord with the six-foot pedals. You can get quite a few varieties of chords from it."

As to Led Zeppelin's future, Jimmy maintained that his prime aim was to "get off a lot of new ideas quickly, especially with workable combinations of instruments — not ones that you can't reproduce on the stage. On all the stuff we've done so far, I've worked out the arrangements because of the time factor, but as from now on, everyone will be contributing to what we do." □ valerie wilmer



Mother Nature's **THE**

The pop music critical press has been trying to apply the old PERFORMANCE clamps and forceps to the album *The Beatles*; there is disagreement, controversy, most of the critics hardly know where to begin! Some compared it unfavorably to Sergeant Pepper's *Lonely Hearts Club Band* citing lack of depth and unity; but *The Beatles* was differently conceived and serves different, important, needs from Sergeant Pepper. "...Take this, Brother, and may it serve you well..." says a voice toward the end of "Revolution #9," a living prayer wall of sound for all humanity, a plea rather than an observation, whose vitality, variety and essential gentleness, complexity and infinitely painstaking construction show the strong stamp of John Lennon's influence....I have read as many of the critical reviews so far published as I could find, and a lot of them seem to favor the easy-going, folksy-sounding "Revolution #1" as the major philosophical statement of the album....but this album is basically anthological....and generally anthologies don't want philosophical apologies, regardless of the medium....

So I prefer to think of this as a Dictionary of the Beatles: 'A' is for 'Apple,''B' for 'Birthday,''C' for 'Cry, Baby, Cry'and,

yes, they do a little and more than a little of that here: the anthology is seeded with all the little complaints, cranks, kinks, gripes, quirks and whimsies that each Beatle has been working up for years....It's a therapy for themselves as well as an index for us: ("...I've got blisters on my fingers!!!"...) "Revolution #9 is an important and beautiful communication, but it is not a "summation" of any particular ethic, as "A Day in the Life" presented the ethic of Sergeant Pepper.....That was back in the days when the Beatles wondered...if there might not be A Message.... now they just say: "Take this, Brother, and may it serve you well....." Now they say "...let it out and let it in..." John Lennon's "Julia": "...Half of what I say is meaningless/Still I say it just to reach you...." And in *The Beatles*, the feeling I get is of reaching, a thousand Beatle arms....Leonard Cohen's lines come to mind: "...There are heroes in the seaweed/There are children in the morning/ They are leaning out for love/And they will lean that way forever...."

One of the most reassuring things I can think of is that the Beatles, our heroes in the seaweed and our children in the morning,



Synthesizers BEATLES

lean out for our love, always reaching out more closely....The difference between Sergeant Pepper and The Beatles is the difference between A PERFORMANCE and a relationship, a personal relationship....we can count on the fingers of one finger the personalities, idols, leaders, celebrities throughout history who could carry on a love relationship with a mass audience successfully: Ikhnaton, Napoleon, Gandhi, Hitler, Franklin Roosevelt, Marilyn Monroe, Billy Graham, the Kennedy brothers, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo-Molina, Fidel Castro...not too many musicians in the group...not too many singers...Elvis is too much of a recluse....Frank Sinatra lacks impact—a real idol must learn to make himself seem relevant and necessary to a great many individual persons; the Beatles have learned to capitalize on and consolidate The Public Life, to take some sort of nourishment from it, if not to actually relish it....

And The Beatles is a reflection, graceful and brave, of four lives lived in the marketplace: "...Desmond has a barrow in the market place/Molly is the singer in a band...." Beatles tell all! For the expose-minded, who weren't satisfied with Hunter Davies' written biography, those who loved the Beatles so much

that they wanted a little hide, a little blood, a pound or two more of flesh, well, Lennon and McCartney offer the penetrating "Glass Onion," arrestingly syncopated, graphically related: no four-letter words, no coyness, no camping it up: If you want to know anything, just ask us....Sure you don't want to know anything?...Oh, come on now, don't be shy; surely there's something you might want to know.....Where the Beatles have always shown absolutely sure-footed instinctive genius is sensing the needs and desires of their audience, and then giving it to them in spades. In The Beatles, besides the usual nourishment, Lennon, McCartney, George, and even Ringo, have allowed themselves the luxury of fulfilling their own fantasies, amusing themselves, exercising a few opinions, flexing some independent muscles: This is, I think, what has caused many reviewers to be put off by the album; the sophisticated, jaded pop music press is so used to being spoon-fed by its Good Old Fave Rave Boys, so... "...well-acquainted with the touch of the velvet hand like a lizard at the window pane..." that it hardly knows what to make of the concept of Beatle ego or Beatle self-indulgence....and while the critics are chewing the corners of

their mouths, wondering how posterity will judge their judgements, the audience...the people, the persons, the individuals, the all, the ones, the fans...the Beatlepeople and Beatle Buddies....are loving the album, embracing it, having a big crush on it, listening to it over and over, taping their favorite songs, and buying it in hungry, unprecedented numbers....My God! Soon it may overtake even the sales of the movie soundtrack from The Sound of Music, which is the best-selling album in the entire Cosmos! Another mistake that I think a lot of reviewers are making is to try to divide the music of this album up into "major songs" and "minor songs"; every song in this album has a mood of its own, a point of validity, an individuality that makes such comparison irrelevant; it's not that the Beatles have passed the point of writing "minor songs"—no, they have not yet discarded that idea themselves; the original songs written for the soundtrack of "Yellow Submarine" are a good example of what "minor songs" by the Beatles would be like at this point.... But everything included on The Beatles was picked from a much larger selection; it is a cream-of-crop thing, and even a short num-

ber like "Wild Honey Pie" has its feedback moment of glory.....

There is a lot of sharp-toothed satire in **The Beatles**: born of healthy infra-red anger, bullseye compassion, and helpless, helpful laughter at finding themselves in the center of this mad place: "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" is an infectiously rhythmic little horror that shows us where to find the grotesque little corners in every bushwah baloney dream of normalcy: name your own poison and then take it -- from *The Beatles Enjoyment Handbook*, Chapter I, page 1, Rule Number Nine, Number Nine, Number Nine.....

Some people say that "Back in the USSR" is a parody of a Beach Boys song called "California Girls;" some people say it is a parody of The Beach Boys imitating Chuck Berry's style; the social-rock critics, who think that practically the only thing a decent, respectable rock group can do these days is put America up against the wall, have generously insisted that the song has something to do with the United States. Underneath its delightful layer of music parody, I think "Back in the U.S.S.R." might have something to point out about any repressive, bureaucratic "Peoples' State" anywhere, and maybe something to do with Czechoslovakia.

They follow almost exactly the same formula in "Bungalow Bill;" although the narration on "Bill" is starkly allegorical even Dylan-ish, the style in which it is conveyed is a playful, affectionate send-up of The Incredible String Band's "Minotaur." One of the album's best transitions is the segue of the kindergarten marching band piano line of "Bungalow Bill" into the somber "While My Guitar Gently Weeps." This was a very good idea, for it has the effect of Continuing the Story of Bungalow Bill--as though the collective Beatle mind were wandering into another level of perception--something beyond satire; this is one of George Harrison's houses, and I think it is very close to a mansion; the lyric approaches as close to profundity as anything written by a Beatle... and I don't know about you, but I think painfully of one or two beautiful, sad people I love whenever I hear it....

"Happiness Is a Warm Gun" gets right down to the necessary business of making an effective satirical cut into the overripe melon known as art-rock; the Jim Morrison School gets its mouth washed out with soap and sent to a museum--and we have a nice time listening to John Lennon do a short impression of the vocal style Mick Jagger appropriated from Bo Diddley to hand down to a whole school of white rockers..."Why Don't We Do It In the Road" is a blunter, somewhat less amusing treatment of the same sort of thing--but, then, its target is the blunter, less amusing Eric Burdon school: A more drastic surgery was required--the down-home blues really get down home.

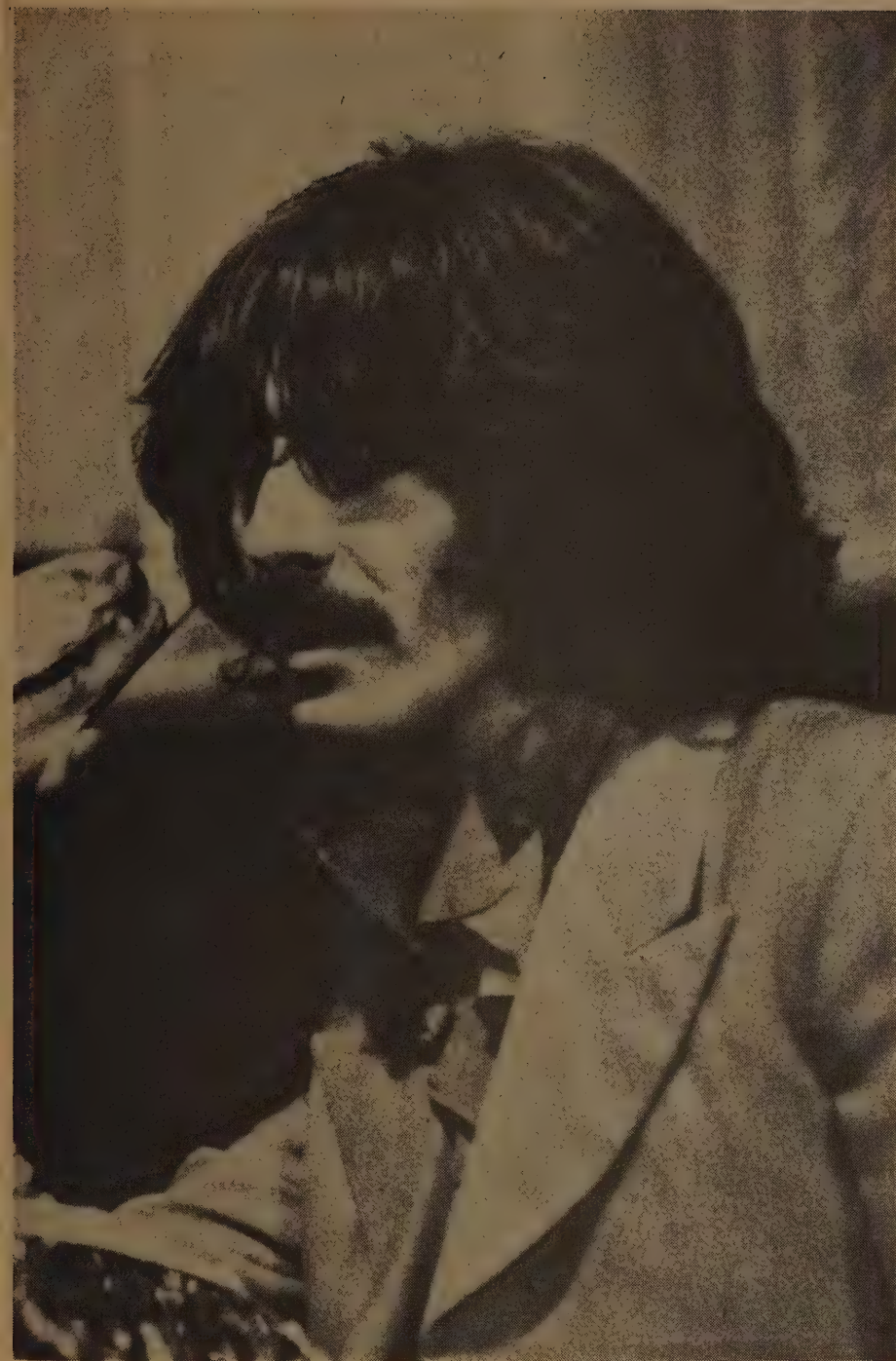
Two lovely lessons that the Beatles then give of honest, unimitative personal blues statements are "I'm So Tired" and "Yer Blues." The idiom in both cases shows progression from traditional blues fixes, but the mood, the feel-



ing, the fleshing-out is from John Lennon's own experience; "I'm So Tired," especially, seems to emanate from a very specific situation, but it works out to a general application. "Yes Blues" also contains some intensely personal Lennon references--to his feelings about his parents, his regard for Bob Dylan, his passion for rock and roll.... Later on, in an unusually lyric, ethereal mood, Lennon breathes in a soft air-picture of the spirit of his mother, "Julia," one of the most popular--and deservedly popular--cuts on the album; Lennon knows how to write a love song to the spirit rather than the flesh of a woman, and without sentiment or even romanticism: I imagine this is the kind of love song a discarnate spirit would appreciate.... and we incarnates, who must listen with our

ears, are roused from our fitful half-sleep by the cool touch of morning moon.

The pure rock and roll that Lennon and McCartney both love so much is represented in the anthology by "Birthday," "Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey," and "Helter Skelter." The latter song is probably by McCartney and follows in the line of "I'm Down," a bow to Little Richard. "Helter Skelter" is okay, but "I'm Down" remains the definitive song of this genre, for me, anyway. Of the three rock songs from this album, "Monkey" is perhaps the most beguiling, proving that Philosophical Rock can be a joy and that the Beatles have come a long way from Tibet and "Tomorrow Never Knows"---Just possibly, Tomorrow does know....



Paul McCartney has written a couple of his Beauty Magic Numbers for this album: "I Will" is in the "Michelle/Ma Belle" mold with touches of Everly.... "Mother Nature's Son" is exquisite but certainly owes something to Donovan.... Even some of the dumber critics have noticed that "Honey Pie" is an outgrowth from Paul's earlier 1920's-oriented songs like "When I'm 64" and "Your Mother Should Know." Paul seems to be working a whole Rudy Vallee thing out of his system here, creating lovely musical ladies suitable for inclusion in future Tiny Tim albums....

But there is a definite need for songs of this type; certain segments of the Beatles' audience always respond to them happily...I do, myself. And "Blackbird" is much more than

a pretty song; it is the nearest thing in the album to pure poetic art, perhaps in the 19th century sense--Keats--Yet McCartney is more direct and less ornamental than Keats--He puts himself right inside the blackbird: "You were only waiting for this moment to arise..." and we understand somehow that the obscure instincts of the blackbird are triggered off by some inner clock, by the waning of the day--how the instinct wells up in the bird and causes it to burst into song at some particular moment of the night. And again, we are ourselves--waking up in the dead calm of a wonderful black summer night; through an open window by the bed, the black notes strain through the blackness, hanging in the air and drawing us into its softness...This is the other side of the poetic coin from "Julia"

and makes you understand how well McCartney and Lennon set one another off... "...look into a glass onion..."

If I had to choose two very own favorites from the album, they would probably be "Sexy Sadie" and "Cry Baby Cry"; I guess because there's a "Sexy Sadie" somewhere inside every girl, and those of us who never quite made the femme-fatale scene can feel either vicarious or vindictive about "Sadie"--besides which it has my vote for the most hauntingly beautiful melody, and John Lennon does one of the better vocals of his career, which is to say: Sublime. "Cry Baby Cry" is a completely charming re-creation of the Edwardian fairy tale world of E. Nesbit's *Wouldbegoods* and George MacDonald's princesses and goblins; this is the touch of a world the Beatles are too young to have known firsthand and, reminiscent of "Penny Lane", it illustrates their ability to transcend time and space barriers effortlessly.

"Goodnight" is a remarkable piece of thievery: it was lifted almost complete--with minor changes in melody and a slight tempo drag--from a Shirley Temple film of around 1936; Ringo sings the Shirley solo...whispers "Goodnight everybody, everywhere" just as she did in the film, and one can almost imagine him puckering up to blow a dimpled kiss...Ringo is the closest thing the Beatles have to something like a Shirley Temple, and the idea of ending the album this way--to reassure anyone who might have misunderstood "Revolution #9" -- is admirable....I wish I could remember the name of that movie...

"Revolution #9" is a most engrossing effort to communicate what I would call expressionistic atmosphere music; Tied together by the repeated phrase "number 9," it is as full of life as any cinema verite, a perfect example of the non-Muzak sound; nothing to wash dishes by: you should listen very carefully for the main themes the first four or five times--not, however, necessarily with earphones, as Rolling Stone's Jann Wenner rather intimidatingly suggested; you can get it with the naked ear perfectly o.k., and after you have become accustomed to the main lines, you can hang loose and meditate, radiate with it; notice John Lennon saying something like "Duck!" just before the gunfire segment; it is an interesting reflection of a responsible attitude that this kind of warning is given the audience for a very short example of violence; this is no mere pastiche or montage: be assured that it is a very carefully guided tour worth taking.

One of the great things about this whole album is that the Beatles are beginning to understand and utilize multilevel imagery the way Bob Dylan does; except that Dylan's finesse is mostly verbal, where the Beatles are using all the elements of sound to create various levels of meaning; in many ways, The Beatles is the most daring step they have taken in their successful revolution of the musical style of the world; some parts of it are even rather rash. Don't talk to me about *Sergeant Pepper*! This album makes *Sergeant Pepper* look like a pink and purple hopscotch chalk drawing. □ briggita



JOHN FOGERTY

Lead Guitarist / Creedence Clearwater Revival

Our new Fantasy album will be more on the blues side, but everything will stay simple and clean like on the first album. We aren't into strings and electronic stuff at all. Everything comes right from the band.

We love swing numbers, like "Get Down Woman" on the first album, but we don't perform many songs like that because people don't dance to that rhythm anymore. It used to make the rhythm and blues charts. It's not loud and exciting enough for today.

Around 1953, I started to notice the rhythm and blues songs by Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry and things like that. They appealed to me more than other songs. From there it grew into different kinds of music. We all sort of skipped over the Fabian type of music. First impressions were the best and we stuck with that old stuff. Diddley and Carl Perkins made me want to pick up a guitar.

There was a piano and a violin in the house and I picked things out but you can't make that kind of music on piano or violin so in the 8th grade I got an old guitar from Sears. I learned from Chuck Berry, Diddley and Carl Perkins records. I also got a Burl Ives song book to figure out the chords.

Now I have a six string, semi-hollow, Rickenbacker guitar and a Kustom amplifier. The bass and rhythm guitarists have Rickenbacker, too, with Kustom amps, but the bass player uses Sunn speakers. Two years ago, I went on a search for the ultimate guitar. I needed a three quarter size because the cheap one I had was that size and it was real good for blues. Rickenbacker was the only one that made a quality guitar in that size. It has a couple of pickups and all the Volume/tone controls I need. Recently we went through all the brands again but my first judgement was right. My Rick reproduces perfectly as an acoustic guitar. I want a real mellow sound. I just changed the value of the tone controls a little and get what I want

from the Kustom amp guts.

We don't use an organ because to me a rock band is lead guitar, rhythm, bass and drums. An organ is too overbearing for us.

We buy very powerful equipment, much more powerful than we need. We only use half of the power we're capable of. We don't like distortion. Most groups turn it up full for distortion. We want to sound as clean as our records. I've heard a lot of groups that drove me away with their loudness. But I really enjoy loudness when the music knocks me out. If the music is boring then the loudness makes it twice as bad. You get a headache before you even start to listen. One thing I hate is a band that fools around between songs. Tuning up and all that. It's got nothing to do with the music.

Although we've been together ten years, we haven't jumped around to the different trends that came and went. Our arrangements and styles have changed in that we have improved, but we've been playing the same kind of music since the beginning. We've always had a warm feeling for country music and blues. It's been straight ahead with that. To me Howlin' Wolf is a country guitar player and I dig him as much as Lefty Frizzell's "Long Black Veil" or the whole Sun record thing with Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison, Elvis and Carl Perkins. To me it's the feel in the music more than what they're actually playing.

On the first album, I've written five songs. I got the inspiration for "The Working Man" from all the jobs we've ever had outside of the band. Two of us worked in a gas station which is probably the closest identity to that song. The drummer was a janitor and we've also driven trucks. There's some humor in the song but it's also sad. You spend all your pay check on the weekend and start over again making it on Monday. "Get Down Woman"

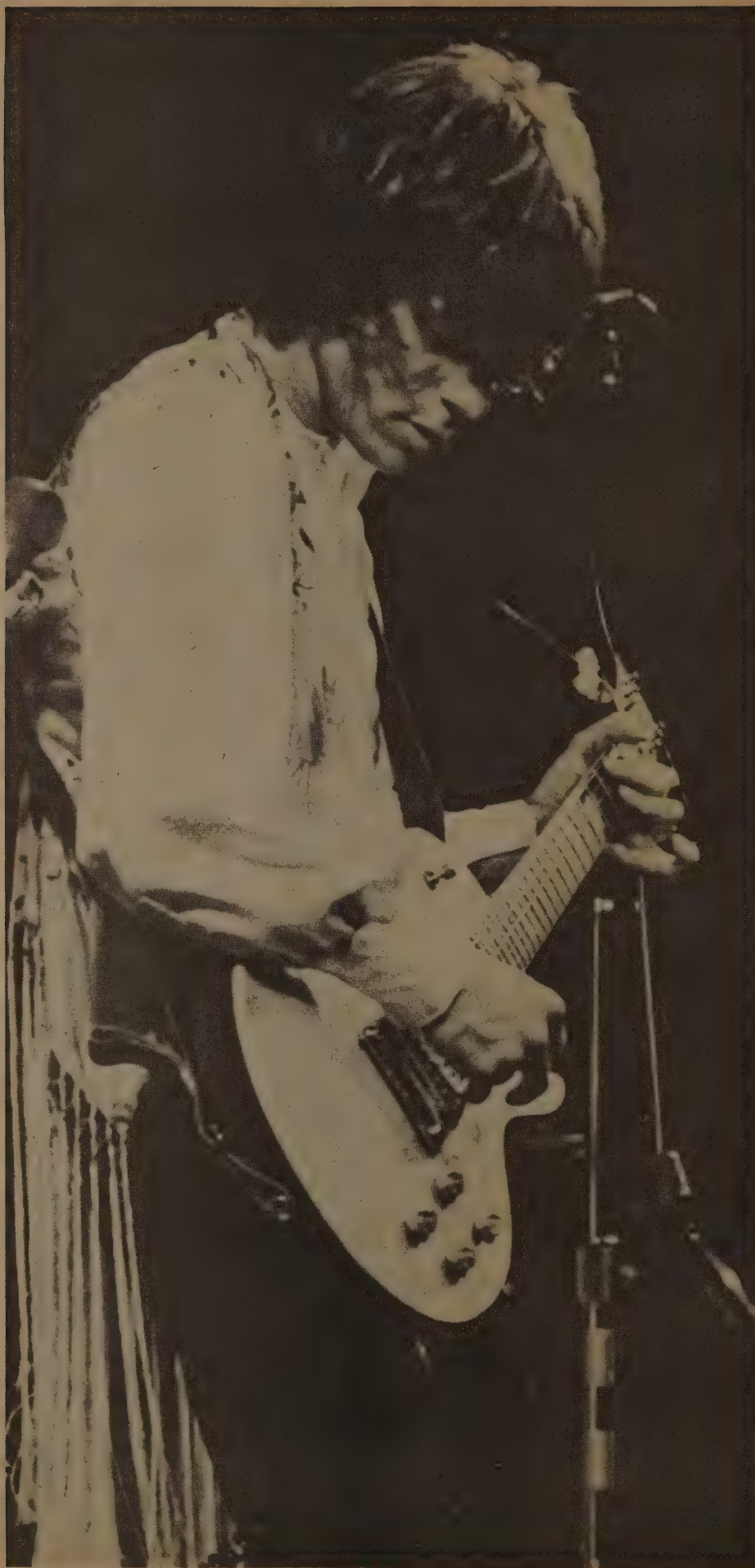
is just my tribute to that old swing shuffle thing. The words are secondary to the music. I just got that one little guitar riff and built the whole song around it. I don't particularly like swing jazz but I love it in a blues. I also love good brass and walking bass in that rhythm.

I'd have to say the Beatles are my favorites. Whatever they do is right. They're the best at whatever they do, always number one. I like Stevie Winwood, Van Morrison and Richie Havens as vocalists. Traffic is my next favorite group. After that I run into less interesting groups. In blues it's always been B. B. King. There's never been anyone as good as him and there might never be. Modern blues is more pop, like Wilson Pickett and the Atlantic/Stax thing. I'd say our whole group agrees to Booker T. and the MG's as the best band. No matter what they do we dig it, especially their old work with Otis Redding and Sam & Dave.

A lot of white people are getting heavily into Negro music, but still, nobody comes close to B. B. King. White people have to organize things better which is part of our civilization. Beethoven is beautiful, probably the finest example of man's mind as applied to civilized western music. You wouldn't say that about Muddy Waters, but therein lies the beauty of Muddy's blues. You have to use different measuring sticks to get into different kinds of music.

We're involved specifically with music and I try to steer clear of anything that isn't real. It took a long time to get where we are and we did exactly what we wanted to do on our first album. We were very confident in our music and no one from Sunset Strip told us what to do.

Our new album will have seven tunes. Six are original and the other is "Good Golly Miss Molly." We've got harmonica on two songs and it's all simple music. □john & jim



The Power of JEFF BECK

The most common criticism I've heard about our "Truth" album is that it's poorly recorded. Compared to some albums, I have in my personal collection it is poorly recorded but it stands up fine next to most of the current records in the pop category.

Also, I've never heard a real good drum sound on English recordings. It must have something to do with the impedance of our mikes and our voltage. The Tamla-Motown drum sound is incredible. It gives the whole record a lift but usually drums are just pushed into the background.

We spent four days of six-hour sessions to do "Truth," so considering that it's quite good. Particularly, since it was our first album.

Before the Yardbirds, when I was sweeping roads and delivering milk, I played guitar in little bands here and there at night and learned my blues style. A small blues following developed in England but compared to America it's nothing. It's very depressing.

When I first started, Bo Diddley was my idol. He used to defy all the laws of music. He'd tune his guitar to one chord and just bash away. But he could do so much with that one chord. He was a revelation to me, but now I've gotten past that point of view and improved, I hope.

If you ask a classical guitarist about Diddley, he'll say he's terrible. The motive Diddley had was right. He created new sounds when he experimented with that echo and vibrato. Diddley and Chuck Berry were the biggest rhythm and blues artists in England, yet they weren't really R&B. I listened to them more than anybody and lifted ideas. My own song "Jeff's Boogie" is close to a Chuck Berry song but none of the phrases are the same.

I learned guitar by playing along with records. Even before Berry, I listened to Les Paul. The songs he played were very square but his playing was extremely hip. I tried to follow his runs and phrases for hours, just parroting them and no one wanted to know me because

you can't play Les Paul runs in rock and roll.

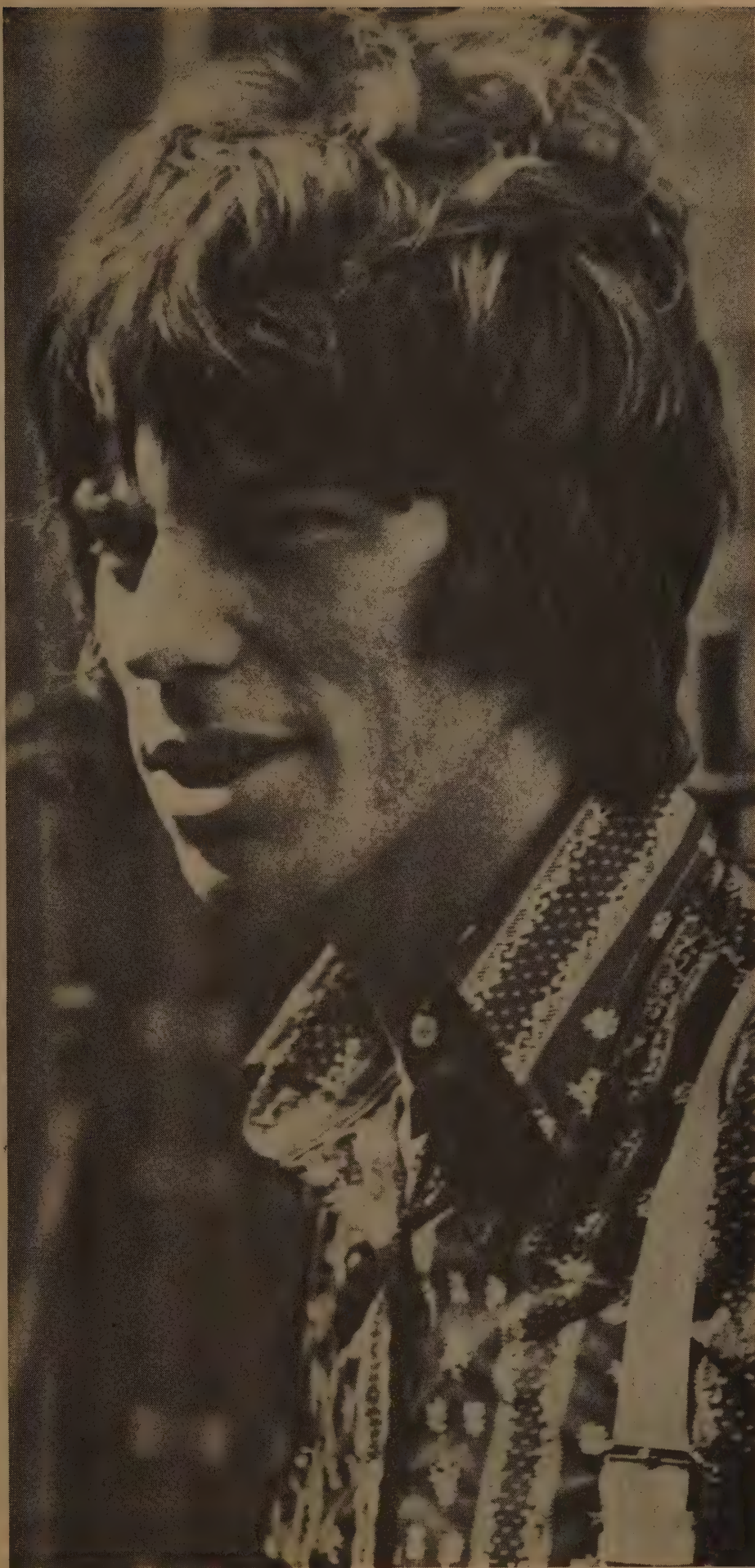
When I played with my first group, I had a terrible home-made amplifier. If I turned it up to get more volume, it would squeak and make hideous noises. It was a monster which I rewired and nailed together. People would come round and say how great it sounded but it was just awful. But that's when I discovered distortion and feed back so I bought a better amplifier and refined the weird noises. It was an under-power amp with a too-powerful guitar and it fed back automatically. I could sustain notes with that too once they hit a certain register. Then some brilliant mind invented a fuzz box which is a tiny amplifier that boosts the guitar signal before it goes into the big amplifier and it produces a true, clean long note. Now people use that to simulate violins or horns.

The Yardbirds was my first experience with the big time. It was quite glamorous and I enjoyed the early part. Looking back now it's just a joke but it was a lot of fun. We fought towards the end over the music and if we did a bad show, we'd all be blaming each other. That's what happened to Cream.

Jimmy Page and myself were getting into some interesting double lead things with the Yardbirds but, I left and it never materialized. I wanted credit for what I was doing in the Yardbirds so it would encourage me to do more. But I was sweating for nothing and I left in a fury. I didn't have any say at all. I didn't even touch the guitar for five months after I left. But I started to miss making music, so I decided to form my own group.

But for those five months I sat around, spent my money and did absolutely nothing. Nothing could inspire me. I went around at night listening to all kinds of bands and I thought, "God, if that's what people are digging, then I'm not going to bother." Then one night, just by chance, I caught Jimi Hendrix before he was famous and that did it. I wanted to get back on the scene.

I started to look around for guys that would fit my kind of music. I wanted a hoarse singer that would fit my guitar playing and a bass player and drummer that would groove with us. I hate auditioning musicians, so I went out watching bands to find the guys I wanted. I listened to bass players and drummers to see how they got into their thing. I judged them by how they could fit into my guitar playing. I caught Rod Stewart with another band and I dug him right away. He made me feel good, so I asked him if he could sing the way I wanted him to sing. He knew what I meant and he did it. I stole all the guys from other bands. Rod was in the





Brian Auger, Julie Driscoll group along with Long John Baldry. I got my drummer from that group too. I was careful to choose guys that would understand my music was the main thing. With that understanding, we all get along fine.

I've always wanted a piano player in the group but it's hard to find clubs and auditoriums that have a good piano. Recently I hired a piano player and we travel with a portable electric piano. Now we can do a lot of stomping boogie numbers.

Now some of my favorite guitar players are George Benson, Jose Feliciano and the guy with Blood, Sweat and Tears. There's a lot more, too.

I like Blood, Sweat and Tears, but I don't think I'd like to use horns in my band unless they became very popular. Now, my mind doesn't think in terms of brass sounds. I'm not musically educated enough to use horns yet. I do the arranging for the band now, but it's kept simple.

I'm hopeless as a writer but I've got an ear for taking other songs and re-arranging them. I love taking old songs and re-dressing them. That's why we did "Old Man River," "Morning Dew" and "Greensleeves" on the first album. No one else in the band is a writer either. There have been some attempts at writing within the band but it's a sorry lot. We just re-work blues numbers for our main music. The next album will

have six new songs of our own. Rod and myself have worked out things with voice and guitar and we worked the music around that. We had a hard time writing lyrics, but it's the best we can do. The other side of the album will have six old songs re-worked and we'll see which material gets the biggest response. The instrumentation will be the same, but the piano player will have more to do. He won't play any organ. I don't like organ. I can't help but think of organ music as accompaniment for an old ladies function. Piano is much better for me. Our drummer loves African music and we'll be getting into that on the new album too.

I know country-western music is having quite an affect on a lot of bands but it's not getting to me. It's my nature, at the moment; to play hard. I'm very tense and when I play hard it relaxes me. I expect, though, as I get older I'll become more harmless.

We're pretty loud but not as loud as Blue Cheer, or Hendrix. I'm not going to play loud for much longer though because I feel myself getting into a softer thing. I can use dynamics a lot more in a medium volume range. Loudness is a great wear on the listeners and the players.

I use two one-hundred-watt Marshall amplifiers and the bass player uses two two hundred-watt Marshalls. Bass needs wattage in that low register to push it

out. The treble of my guitar is piercing so I can use lower wattage. My guitar is one of the old Les Paul Gibsons. I've had it for a long time. Nothing is customized. I use all stock factory stuff. I rarely use a wah wah pedal or a fuzz tone. I'll use the fuzz if we're playing in a small place because it fills up. In a large hall, I can get a fuzz sound by just turning the amps full up.

I still have a very strong feeling for blues. I play that best of anything else, I think, and I'll play it as long as there's a demand for it. It gives me a great deal of pleasure. I enjoy all kinds of music though because it can make me feel many different things. I'm thinking a lot about moving into other types of music now but I don't know what. I just feel a softer thing coming over me.

It was a real hassle, and it still is, finding places to practice. We find old dark cellars and the back room of a pub occasionally but we get thrown out after we've tuned up and never get the chance to jam. It's impossible to practice in London. There's no place to go. Once we found a big empty theatre and we could play as loud as we wanted, but it closed down. Hendrix is beautiful to jam with. He'll play anything you want him to. It's easier to jam in New York. Sometimes I enjoy a good jam but after hours I'd rather go home and get out of it altogether. □ jeff & jim

Communication

by Dom Petro

There are two major forces which influence what we are and what we become. *Heredity* and *environment*. We won't discuss heredity here so, let's start from the very source of environment--the beginning--Nature.

Where is it? Inside you and me and from every scraggly blade of grass struggling through cracks in concrete to the Himalaya mountains.

Why Nature? Because it has ALL the shapes, lines, colors, designs, clarity, confusion, transparency, opacity, gentleness, force, softness, hardness, brilliance, subtlety, speed, fixidity, tastes, sounds, and smells that widen our responses.

We feel somewhat foreign to Nature now because of the environment we have created which excludes it. And it somehow seems to ignore us. We can cut trees and divert rivers but it is an impersonal struggle. And we want so much to be recognized. We like the dog that wags his tail at us whereas the wild bird is only interested in the seeds we put out for him. Thus we like what likes us. This tendency shrinks our world to a handful of persons and things. And as we drop some of these we respond to an even smaller world and our responses become automatic (not instinctive) and -- boredom. Then we might look for kicks of some kind or another. And the duller we become, the stronger the kick necessary to arouse response. What can we do to keep responses alive and selective? Let's get back to Nature and see how she fits in.

Try to forget all the opinions you have concerning Nature for the moment. "Beautiful," "Corny," "Nature Lover," or the Natural Sciences like Botany you may have studied. Try to *think it new*.

A small, healthy child let loose in a forest or park for the first time will find more thrills, and occupation for his interests in his surroundings in a shorter time than a roomful of grown sophisticates tilting cocktails in their environment, or a group of wild swingers writhing to the latest and lost in themselves. The difference is that the child is feeling and seeing at once. ALL of him is responding. The others may be enjoying but it is all rather repetitious and they do think they KNOW and wouldn't dream of becoming totally involved and conscious at the same time. They've separated emotion from thinking into neat compartments. The child uses them both. Beethoven walked by the river to reinforce himself. Leonardo could think and feel both in science and art, and drew his information from OBSERVATION of man and Nature. He would buy caged wild birds and release them, study their flight, and incidentally, try to set the balance right: a bird in flight is right whereas he's pathetic in a cage.

Of course we need not crouch over small bugs and moss and get excited by each movement or brightness that strikes us. Though it would help. Which brings up the question: what DOES interest us enough to keep us absorbed and attentive? An interested person is interesting. A bored person is boring (especially bored cynics). What is it that interests others? That is, persons you think are somebodies. How do you know you are interested in what interests them? This or that may satisfy them or their devoted followers, but why you? Everybody really is unique. You are. You have your own

preferences. How do you find your own real interests?

First, our interests affect us deeply. Since everything that affects us affects our communication with ourselves and others, it would pay to be reasonably assured that they are what we really want and that these interests really represent us. Back to Nature.

Take a walk. Trees. Grass. No there's much, much more. Birds are not simply grey flying things. Stay quiet and take a good look. That isn't one kind of grass or weed. Pick out a couple and watch how the wind sways them. The grey bird has reddish brown marks on his back. They are divided and shaped into patterns. Closer now. Those patterns are very complicated and beautiful by any measure. The bird moves with quick, darting flashes with wings or feet. The tall resilient weed is moving gracefully as though dancing to inaudible music. Tree bark is grey smooth to dark, almost lava rough. And the smells. Break some of the leaves and weeds and smell. Feel the smoothness and roughness of things. Don't take sensation for granted! The more you look the more there is to see. The variety never ends. Yet there is in it a kind of odor. Somehow related. And we are a part of it.

Yes, there are such things as graceful movements (trees, tall weeds, winds), dazzling brightness (flowers, birds, or sunlight on cloud edges), new wonderful smells (flowers, weeds, leaves), softness (rabbit's belly fur, green moss, clouds), hard ruggedness (tree bark, rock surfaces, bare hills, mountains), force (strong wind, huge trees bending, roaring water, tree growing from rock, small stream splitting rock), transparent clear water, exquisitely delicate spider web, smooth pebbles, rugged Oak, graceful Willow, shaggy Hickory, tiny whimsical toadstools, majestic rocks and hills, wet pebbles like scattered jewels, waves making and changing lines on the beach, clouds moving and changing by the minute--the quiet seeming emptiness of the forest which is so full of life IF WE WOULD ONLY LET IT BE, feel it, and respond to it. It gives so much in return for the little attention, love and care we might give it.

What does it give us? Force, gentleness, grace, ruggedness, sweetness, strength, softness, roughness, majesty, humility, ferocity, timidity, brilliance, subtlety, complexity, clarity, largeness, smallness, stability, change, solidity, fluidity, a sense of Time and growth and Death. Whatever you may find there is present in us as well as all of nature.

When you approach Nature you are in the most basic of schools. There are no books. Nature simply is. You use your senses and depending upon how alert you are, you'll find yourself keyed to frequencies no city can ever give you. Variety and change come with the turn of the head; the closer you look and feel, the more change and numbers of things to see. Select.

Sit quietly under a tree in park or forest. Just sit, look, listen, smell, feel. It's hard to think of Nature in other terms than a place to dump beer cans, where there's nothing doing, or a place about which we know everything. Poets, painters and writers have been calling our attention to Nature for centuries. All we seem to have learned is that it has some kind of corny beauty. And it is fashionable to ignore it. It is a real place to recharge your batteries, and respond much, much more fully to life. It's where we all came from. □



SOMETHING NEW FROM AMPEG

The Ampeg Company has recently introduced its new line of Tube and Solid State Amplifiers to its International Dealer Structure. The units, ranging from a 40 watt Tube amplifier to a 300 watt Solid State Amplifier are designed with power, portability and quality to achieve optimum sound for the most discriminating musicians. Electronic basses and bass guitars are also available in various models.

Tube type amplifiers are available in single or two channel models and with single or multiple speaker arrangements. Several models are equipped with reverb, tremolo, afterbeat, timbre, vibrato, ultra-hi, ultra-lo, an AC outlet and extension speaker jack, and an extension amplifier jack.

Power ratings for Solid State models start at 140 watts and extend through 300 watts. Each amplifier is built using the latest silicon planar epitaxial transistors combined with quality industrial components to insure utmost reliability. Four models are manufactured with Altec Lansing speakers and one model is standard with two 15" JB Lansing speakers. Special effects for the units are numerous and all models easily accommodate guitar, bass, organ or any other instrument.

The Ampeg electronic bass has undergone extensive research to insure the acoustic bassman of exact duplication of the vibration principle of the wood-bass body. Models are available in five colors and with four or five strings.

Ampeg bass-guitars are available in fretted and unfretted models. A choice between models with magnetic pickup or diaphragm pickup enables the musicians to vary the sound.



Ampeg's New Line

RICKENBACKER CONVERTIBLE GUITARS

The Rickenbacker Guitar Company has a great idea. Now you can play two guitars for the price of one.

The Convertible guitar has twelve strings which can be re-arranged so you can play it like a regular six-string. The conversion takes only a few seconds.

The guitars come in both solid and hollow body models, with two or three pickups, optional vibrato units and full or 3/4 neck size.

Prices range from \$399.50 to \$579.50.

STANDEL SUPER ARTIST

The Artist Line consists of five high performance Solid State Models designed for high level reproduction of all musical instruments, including the electric bass.

Each artist is available in two models:

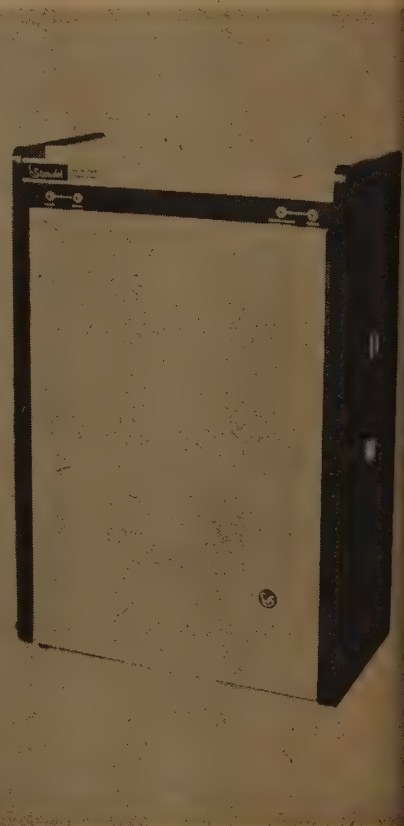
A bass model designed for bass or other electric instruments, and a reverb model featuring single-channel reverb and tremolo. The reverb models may also be used with an electric bass in the normal channel.

Additional Artist features include, minimum performance system designed speakers, brushed aluminum dials, dual channel tone controls, 115 V utility outlet, signal outlet for use with the Acoustic Magnifier models and removable wheels for convenient transportation.

The Artist's cabinets are covered in hard-finished black Vinyl with chrome grille trim.

Exposed cabinet edges are trimmed with high impact Vinyl extrusion to eliminate excessive cabinet wear and maintain the traditional Standel professional appearance under the most adverse traveling

Rickenbacker "Convertible"



Standel "Artist" Line

conditions.

The Super Artist with 175 watts peak power, costs \$610.00 for reverb and \$530.00 for bass.

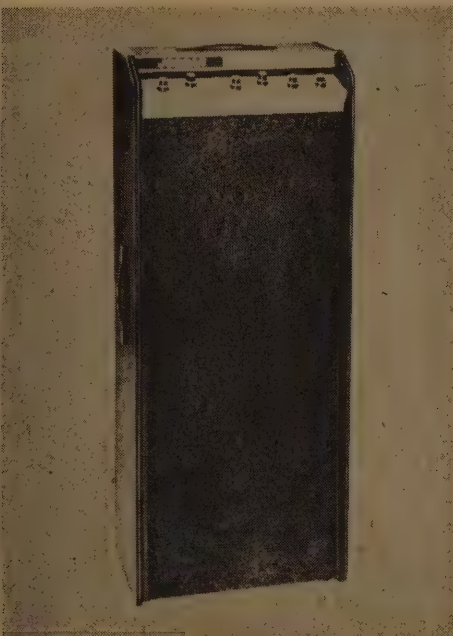
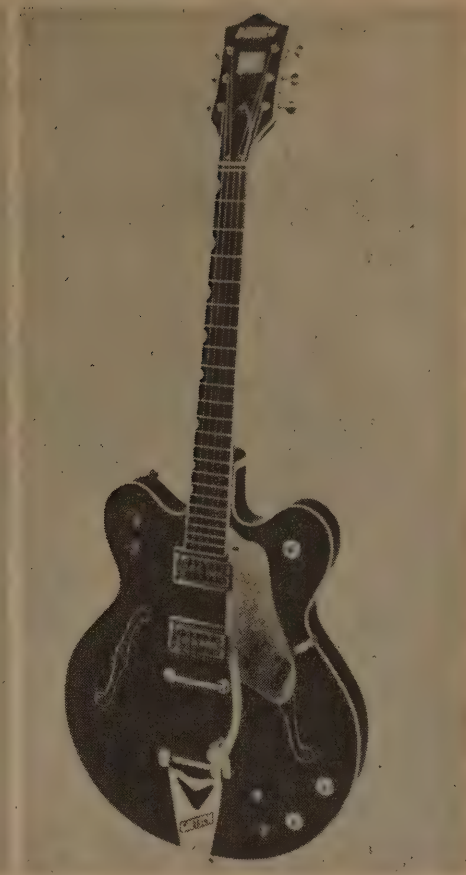
Gibson "Classical"



Guild "Starfire" SF - VI



Gretsch "Nashville"



Jordan "Two/O1"

JORDAN TWO/O1 AMPLIFIER

This outstanding amplifier features two 15" Jordan diaphonic speakers; 140 watts of peak power, four channels with four individual inputs; foot-controlled reverb and tremolo; plus treble and bass controls for each channel. And a bright switch. Size 48" x 19" x 12". Price: \$499.95.

GIBSON CLASSICAL GUITAR

The Gibson C-L possesses many of the features found in more expensive models. Features include mahogany back and rims, and a three piece laminated slim neck, joined to the body at the 12th fret; top is of natural spruce with traditional handcrafted fan bracing; fingerboard is made of fine rosewood, with nickel-silver frets.

The C-L is also equipped with a Manuel Gomez bridge, designed to project tonal quality, and the traditional Spanish-modified French heel.

Other features include a slotted peghead, classic ebony nut and fret nut spacer, and Gibson classic nylon strings.

This lightweight Gibson classical guitar is 4½ inches deep, 14½ inches wide; and 19 inches long. It has a 25½ inch scale, and 19 frets. Price is \$99.50.

GUILD STARFIRE SF-VI GUITAR

Guild Starfire SF-VI is among the favorite guitars of the top rock groups. Says Guild: "This instrument has every luxury feature you've ever wanted in a thin-body electric guitar...plus the prestige that is yours with the ownership of the finest in the "Starfire series." Starfire SF-VI has an inlaid ebony fingerboard, two gold-plated pickups, and a gold-plated Guild Model Bigsby Vibrato Tailpiece on a double cutaway body.

Retail price is \$700.00 in sunburst finish, \$715.00 in blonde.

GRETSCH NASHVILLE HOLLOW BODY ELECTRIC

The Nashville is the original Chet Atkins hollow body electric. Immensely popular, it has established itself as a pacesetter. Striking good looks, high styling and superb sound are responsible. And what's more its low action design gives you easy fast fingering and lightning changes without fatigue.

Trim 16" double cutaway Electro-tone Hollow Body, 2" thick, Neo-Classic fingerboard, double filter 'Tron pickups, Gretsch Bigsby tremolo and tailpiece, 24-karat gold plated metal parts, built-in muffler, standby switch, padded back, leather shoulder strap, hand polished amber red finish.

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WRITE: THE SHOPPING BAG/Charlton Building/Derby, Connecticut 06418



Ten Years After

ALVIN LEE

Lead Guitar

I was born in 1944 in Nottingham, England which is also where Robin Hood came from — the Sheriff of Nottingham and all that. I left home for London at the age of fourteen. London seemed the only place to make something of myself.

I joined a rock and roll band when I got there and started to take care of myself.

My favorite kind of music was country blues and jazz and I went to all the nightclubs in London to hear my favorite musicians. One day I met Big Bill Broonzy in a club and that's what started me off really. I went to see him every night. I was playing clarinet at the time in a little club band — just regular standard tunes. That's where I learned the rudiments of music. The proper way to play things.

There was always a guitar around the house and I learned chords from different books. Back then, I loved the country rock style of Scotty Moore, with Elvis, and that led me to Chet Atkins and I found it very clumsy for quite a while. I learned all the conventional ways to play, the tuning and everything. Occasionally I use a straight A tuning.

When I first used an electric guitar it wasn't good to obviate the distortion or feedback. It was just for a good clean sound. A few changes have gone down since then.

After playing in bands for so long, I got more and more interested in amplification and the various sounds. About four or five years ago, I experimented with this and had some special things built for me, but now I've got Marshall equipment, straight tops and bottoms. I have a Gibson guitar that I had re-wired. I put another pickup in it and it has more range from bass to treble.

Ten Years After was established as a blues band. I had known Leo our bass player for nine years. We played on and off in various bands. We got together in London finally as recording session men. We did a lot of rubbish together. Then we went on the road doing backup work and we met Chick. The three of us decided to get together as a group to do sessions and we were quite successful. We also toured as a backup group. We played every type of music imaginable. We did lots of supper clubs with songs like "How High The Moon," "Lover" and stuff

like that. We had a lot of work but we grew rather bored and wanted to do something more adventurous.

I listened to all types of guitar players from Spanish classical to Chuck Berry to Django Rheinhardt and took a little from each one. I might sound like certain players, but now I'm to the point where I sound like many different players in one song.

So we decided to get into blues heavily. At the time, we were the heaviest thing going in England. We were very happy with it because we really dug it. I don't know why it caught on, but we developed a following right away. Maybe it was because we were playing music we believed in.

It might seem that there's a big blues thing happening in England. It's no better than the States actually. Most British bands are doing better outside of England. Like, we have a good thing going in Sweden and Denmark. In England the blues audience is too strict. There are people who only want Elmore James songs and won't touch modern blues or country blues and then there are strict country blues fans. You can't find an audience in England that digs all kinds of blues. American audiences seem to dig a good feeling from any kind of music. In England it's an intellectual thing.

We're not going to jump into another kind of music. We've been quite successful playing jazz-blues so our progress will be very slow. It would be hard to change our stage music, but on albums we can do different things. On an album we can use the studio. That's just a side trip.

Personally, I feel my own style, my own music moving into a new place. I'd say it's getting more spiritual in that it's coming from my subconscious. I can leave the conscious mind and fingers and play flashes of ideas — whatever I think of. I can play whatever I think of — the right phrases — but I want to think of the right things. You can fall into patterns, like B. B. King is a stylist and I can feel exactly what he's going to play next. He's got thousands of riffs, but I can hear them coming. I don't knock that but I want to do something different. I hate hearing myself play the same thing every night. The thing is to play from my mind and not my fingers.

Sometimes I'll know my instrumental break is coming and I'll already hear the licks and riffs. I don't like that.

I want to play things from nowhere. Just let it come without thinking. But this is my personal trip.

I try to modulate between fast playing and slow playing. The speed in my playing grew out of exercises. I found I could think of more things to play much faster if I played fast.

The guitar will always be popular because it's the best instrument for very vibrant music. It will go through phases though. The Motown sound sort of phased guitars out in England for a while. As a session man I just played chords behind the band. Then organ came in all of a sudden and everybody had Hammonds. Horns are around a lot more now too, but they can be very limiting. It holds down the spontaneity of a band. If the horns are spontaneous they'll be doing boring riffs so they have to be arranged to fit well.

I can play a great many types of music but I wouldn't want to inflict my tastes on the public. I'd just be showing how virtuoso I am. I'm just happy that other people dig what we dig to play. I like all kinds of music for different reasons. There's technical music, pleasant music, emotional music. I prefer the emotional. I love classical guitar, but to me classical guitar isn't a good way of putting over classical music. Electric guitar is the best way to put over anything. I'd like to try it on electric guitar but I don't know if I could pull it off. I don't think anyone would be interested. Beefing up the classics would be a very difficult thing to do and still keep the beauty of the music itself. It has to be done very well.

A musician is much more aware of sounds than the average person. I like to get into detailed things, things with lots of subtlety. I might hear a Pneumatic hammer and think it has a good rhythm or a chord hitting a wall and echoing back. Our new album has a song called "Stonehenge." It's a good example of how I transpose a visual subject into music. When I saw Stonehenge it gave me a definite inspiration. It's very difficult to explain. Imagine looking up at a giant redwood, touching it and seeing it and amplify that feeling 500 times. Stonehenge dates back to 1840 before Christ. It was erected then and no one knows what for. Different tribes found it and used it for various purposes. I've always been aware of Stonehenge. I saw it as a child and many times since and I've read books about it. There's another ancient place in England called Gladstone that has these same weird vibrations. Flying saucers have been spotted there. The mystery of these things gives me a feeling which I transcribe into sounds. □
alvin & jim



ERIC BURDON *Experienced Equipment*

Man

Jimi uses six Marshall cabinets with four twelve-inch speakers in each one and two one-hundred watt Marshall amplifiers coupled together with split lead wires. He's also got eight spare Marshall amplifiers which travel with us wherever we go. On the road, I also carry ten guitars for Jimi. There's six Fender Stratocasters, two Gibsons and two others which he chooses from his large collection. It's necessary, because equipment is always breaking down or stolen. He had a brand new white Fender that he loved, but it was stolen on the West Coast.

Of course, he has lots of other stuff, like fuzz boxes and wah wah pedals. His favorite fuzz box is made by Ar- ditor in England, and the wah wah pedal is made by Vox. They run through both amplifiers and when he presses any one of those it acts like a pre- amp and boosts the power tremendously. That's how he gets really high feed back.

Jimi is the master of feed back. He plays both his amplifiers full up at volume ten and he turns down on his guitar. When he wants feed back, he turns the guitar up and presses down on the wah wah pedal and the fuzz.

I have a cord coming from the amplifier into the fuzz box, another cord from the fuzz box into the wah wah and a cord from the wah wah into the guitar. If he suddenly stops playing, I have to figure out which cord went, or which amp, or fuzz or wah wah. It gets rather complicated.

There are many problems. I have to change speakers after every show. Jimi destroys at least two whenever he plays. I have sixteen spare speakers. When he smashes them, I put in the spares

and send the broken ones back to New York to get re-coned.

Then there's the wah wah pedal. Most people just touch it with their foot. Jimi jumps on it with his full weight so I carry about three extra wah wah pedals and ten extra fuzz boxes. I've also got machine heads, pickups and every spare part that could go wrong with a guitar. If Jimi ever puts gasoline on a guitar and sets it on fire then I throw the guitar away if it's not repairable. He ruins a lot of tremolo bars too. He bends the strings with the bar, and they get bent way past the distortion level. That starts the feed back. He doesn't have to touch a string if he bends that bar. The pickups in the guitar amplify all the strings bending. That's how he gets that terrifying roar. At the same time he plays the bottom strings and gets really high feed back. Sometimes he rips it right off the guitar so I carry a lot of them. Very often his guitar has to be stripped right down and built up again.

He couldn't get all those sounds if he played at a normal volume. I think I've gone deaf from standing near the cabinets and I'm going home to Scotland for two weeks to see if my hearing comes back to normal.

I have to arrive at least four hours before every show to set things up. I have to hire a truck for each show to put all the equipment in and keep all the spare parts handy. I've probably got the best tools and repair facilities any road manager ever had. It's taken me years to get everything together and just now I've got everything I need. It's taken years to get a system down too.

Straight after a concert I get to the airport and pack all the equipment, get four hours sleep if possible, get the first plane out, hire a truck at the next town, pick up the equipment, take it to the concert, set it up, test everything out, make repairs if necessary. It gets a bit hairy.

I can never leave the group. I must be present at all times, even at recording sessions in case something goes wrong. Recording sessions go much more smoothly. In the studio, I set them up just like in concert. Everything is turned full up.

I used to carry a P.A. system but it got to be too much to handle so we hired P. A.'s for each gig. We use Altec stuff for the P. A.'s and I carry our own Shure mikes.

Many times I'll get to a concert and the equipment hasn't arrived yet but it all works out. We've never missed a concert. We've been late a few times, but we never cancelled out.

Then there's Mitch the drummer. I use two two-hundred watt Sunn amplifiers for him and four Sunn speaker cabinets.

For Noel I use two brand new Sunn two-hundred watters and seven Sunn cabinets. Sunn has the best bass sound I've ever heard. Noel uses Altec fifteen inch speakers and they carry very well. The cabinet is constructed to take heavy music and tough wear on the road.

For me, tube amplifiers are the best. When transistor equipment breaks down, I have to test a bunch of cir-



cuits or send it back to the factory. I can repair tube equipment quickly.

Jimi's equipment has the most break downs. The biggest problem is strings breaking. I'm always ready with a new fully stringed guitar. We've done many shows though where there were no break downs at all. I never have trouble with Noel's equipment but Mitch breaks a lot of bass drum pedals. He very seldom breaks the drum skins. He really knows how to play drums, where the sticks should land so he won't break through.

Jimi also burns up a lot of tubes because of the great volume. When a tube burns out, the volume starts to drop. If he's into something and his volume drops, he gets extremely annoyed. "Fix it," he yells.

He curses me out sometimes and I work faster than fast to repair the break down. After the show though, Jimi always apologizes for getting angry and we sit and talk about the trouble and figure out a way to fix it so it won't happen again. Many times I've threatened to quit him but he's so nice I stay. I wish I had time to experiment, but when we're doing a show every night, it's a hassle just to ship the equipment around.

There are many outside problems too. Like a recent concert we played at Woolsey Hall in New Haven. The whole place was wired for D.C. and amplifiers are A. C. We had to find

power a mile away on the Yale campus and the only wires that long were very thin. We need two heavy wires that can take twenty amps, one for Jimi and one for Mitch and Noel. But these thin wires couldn't take the power so as soon as they began to play all the fuses blew. All the equipment went, so we had to set up new equipment and run two heavier wires. Then, the hall was so huge that there was too much echo and the microphones couldn't be heard.

One night he burned out four amplifiers. You see his amplifiers are turned full up and pushing what they're supposed to, but then all the speakers are pushing plus the fuzz and the wah wah, so there's often more power than the amplifiers can take.

We've ordered some new Marshall equipment for Jimi. I've told them what goes wrong, and they're building new stuff to compensate plus he wants a lot more treble.

Jimi hired me on my reputation. I'd been working in England for five years before with groups like the Nice, the Koozies — a group I did the Beatle tour with, the Alan Bown. I just picked up the experience by working with equipment.

When the group breaks up, Mitch, Noel and myself have plans to go into management and record production. I must say, it has all been quite an experience. □ eric & jim

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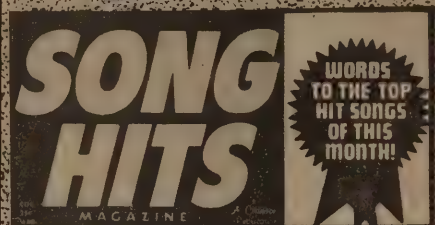
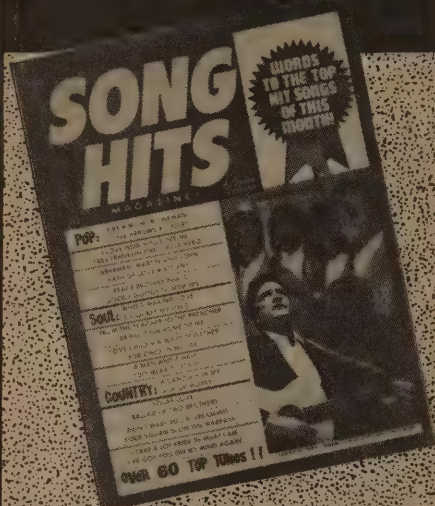
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DANNY KALB *Is Alive And Well*

It was late at night and freezing as I rounded the corner on 48th Street on my way to A&R Studios where time had been booked for Atlantic. Danny Kalb was producing and playing on a record date, having been hired recently by Atlantic. I had peculiar misgivings about this assignment, I didn't know quite what to expect and I didn't really know whether or not I really wanted to find out.

Danny Kalb has been absent from the music scene for almost a year now after an unfortunate incident which preceded the breakup of the Blues Project. The rumors flew hot and heavy at first, Kalb was dead, his mind had been irrevocably destroyed, he was in an insane asylum, he'd tried to kill himself, he was in a mental prison, he was hiding out, his confidence shattered, his musical ability lost forever. Then, nothing for months,

no news, no rumors, no Danny Kalb. Sam Charters had received a pathetic letter from him in the Fall of '67 and that was the last that I heard about Kalb for a long time.

I was uncertain. Should I avoid the whole subject, should I ask him outright, should I pretend I never heard anything or would it embarrass him. Would I frighten him, put him on the spot with an interview, would he be glad to see someone from HIT PARADER or, worst of all, might he be so unsettled by the events of the past year that there would be no story, nothing to talk about at all. Or, and possibly a pretentious thought, could I by demonstrating sincere interest and encouragement by admiration of his previous work, somehow help. The elevator rattled up to studio "A", the door clattered open and aside from being chilled to the bone

by the icy midwinter weather, weakened by the ravages of the Hong Kong Flu, annoyed by the trouble I was having with my little tape recorder, I was uptight.

I found Kalb chatting with Steffan Grossman, a guitarist of no mean talent with whom he was collaborating on this project, an album tentatively titled "Crosswinds," a number of compositions by Kalb and Grossman to be recorded as a concept album, that is, one which would carry no group name, having been put together entirely as a recording of ideas and musicians, created as a session, not as an act. Kalb looked a little weary up there, it was his first project in a long time. Atlantic executive Jerry Shoenbaum introduced us and we sat on a piano bench during a break. Kalb's hands were shaking violently and I wondered nervously if it was because of me. "Tranquilizers" Kalb assured me, smiling bitterly as he chain-smoked. "I'll tell you about it some time." I kind of hoped he'd never get around to it, kind of knew we would. I asked him what they were recording here.

"This is kind of an idea album, somewhat inspired by the Pentangle album. Both Steffan and I in addition to playing electric guitar have also played acoustic guitar over the years. We're trying to do an album of blues and other songs that Steffan has written and two songs that I wrote over the years using the acoustic guitars with a hard background sound, a bass and drums kind of sound. Not exactly a folk bag, more modern."

Is that like a skiffle band, I wanted to know.

"No, something like a skiffle sound, but a skiffle band doesn't really use a guitar as a lead instrument. We're using the guitar in more of a solo capacity. And with recording techniques you can build up the level of the acoustic guitar so it sounds full enough. Then we add the rhythm."

Was that the kind of thing he wanted to get into musically?

"I want to do this, because that's what I'm doing now. I also enjoy playing guitar with my cousin who plays cello, working on a classical sound. I'm interested in learning how to play all kinds of music in the guitar, really discovering my instrument. I was away for 10 months and I didn't play at all."

What were the dynamics of the band falling apart?

"Well of course Al quit just at the point at which we almost made it in a much larger way than we already had and we tried other musicians who didn't work out too well. I have no bitterness about Kooper leaving because it's his own business, his own musical future. Still it upset me personally."

When a group breaks up, is it sort of like a family departing?

"Steve and Al were part of the family

but the real family was me, Andy and Roy. We were very close. The problem for me was, I'm not primarily an arranger, I'm primarily a soloist, that's my talent. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to find another situation where I'd be able to do my thing and get the kind of musical support that I need. I'm still very worried about it today. Not with this record but I'm involved now in putting a group together and it's not going too well."

Why did you come back to New York to put your thing together? Isn't California more comfortable for you?

"Well, I love the West Coast and California life and all that. It's a much less regimented life but you have to have a lot of discipline to get your thing done in the midst of it and I don't have it all that together. It worked out well now, though. I'm with Atlantic learning how to produce and I'm making this record and putting a group together. It's an important time in my career and my life because I have all these avenues open to me. It's a beautiful opportunity for me to start again."

How are you feeling about it all?

"Well, I hope I'm going to get to live some kind of normal life. People have been very good about helping me and supporting me and giving me a chance. I'm very grateful. I feel better and stronger but still kind of scared. I love music and I want to do more, learn more, maybe learn music formally. Right now that's very important to me. I haven't played for a long time, as I said, and it's coming back very slowly. But generally, there are so many things open for me that I feel optimistic."

The session started again, they went back to work. There was a drummer, a bass man and Danny on guitar in the isolation booth. His playing was secure, salty, and the notes were clean, tasty and bluesy. He'd said at one point that he was into very emotional music, and I could hear that none of the feeling he put over so emphatically in the Blues Project were any the worse for wear or inactivity.

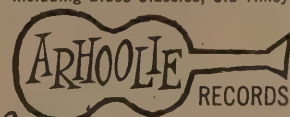
He came out when the take was over asking everyone how it sounded. He looks worried, a little overweight and much older. But there's definitely an enthusiasm about Danny Kalb, a determination behind the anxiety he makes no effort to hide. "Crosswinds" is a nice idea and if it works out the way everyone wants it, it should let a breath of fresh air into the musty closet of rock. He really hasn't missed much as far as music is concerned in the year he's been away, but I daresay he was deeply missed. It was an uncomfortable interview at best but I'm glad I went through with it. It's nice to be able to report that rock and roll's first casualty is alive, well, and playing his music in studio A. □
ellen sander



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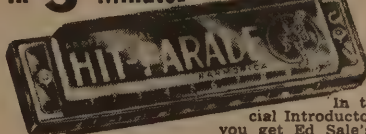
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BARRY MELTON

Lead Guitarist



Country Joe & The Fish

I've been playing guitar since I was six years old and at the time I was living in Brooklyn, New York. Woodie Guthrie lived in the same apartment building so I'd watch him play once in a while. Of course, I was very impressed so I had to get a guitar. I learned chords from a chord book and later I had a teacher who was a violin player with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. I learned music theory from him when I was seven and I can write and read music. Then, the family decided to move to Los Angeles when I was eight years old.

I was interested in classical and folk music. American folk music was epitomized by "The Fireside Book of Folk Songs." I learned a lot of folk songs from Sing Out Magazine too. Josh White and Leadbelly were my big blues influences at the time. Those are the records my parents listened to at home, the Weavers and all that. It was all tied in with the labor movement.

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On the radio, I also heard Carl Perkins and Fats Domino and I wanted to do all kinds of music. I wasn't

really attached to rock though. Folk was my big thing. I remember, half reluctantly now, how excited I was that the Kingston Trio came on the radio singing folk songs. Then the folk boom came.

I hit all the folk festivals one year and started playing with a lot of different people. Some of us were into blues, like me, and I followed Mance Lipscomb around for three weeks. Then I hung around Bukka White and Gary Davis and I learned a lot. But folk is the basis of my thing now.

By the time I got into high school and met other kids who played I realized that I was very advanced. I had been playing folk and blues for almost ten years when the kids I met were just starting to pick up on it. So I decided to specialize in guitar music. I played some rock but it was always strongly into blues. My style came from the real old country blues more than modern blues.

I left home when I was seventeen and bummed around the country for a couple of years following the folkies and getting odd jobs like sweeping up beaches. But mainly I found guys to

jam with. Then I returned to California and met Joe McDonald through a little folk magazine he put out called "Rag Baby". He needed a guitar player to cut a Peace demonstration record, so I went to see him and we did "Vietnam Rag" and "Superbird." On "Superbird", I used an electric guitar for the first time and it was really down.

We formed an acoustic guitar jug-band act, just the two of us. That was a year before the Fish. We hitch-hiked around the country playing a nickel-dime folk circuit, sweeping up coffee-house floors and playing for something to eat.

Then we decided to get an electric band and we split our talents. Joe went into the lyrical end and I handled the music. By then, we had ended up in Berkeley, California where we were pretty well known. We had done a concert for S. D. S. and stuff like that. But we saw how we could reach so many more people with folk music if we got an electric band. In those days I approached an electric guitar as though it was simply a very loud acoustic guitar.

We couldn't afford to buy electric

equipment, but we got enough money to buy one amplifier and a pickup for my acoustic guitar. Joe played his un-amplified. Then Joe wanted to play electric, so he plugged into my amp. Our first electric gig was at the University of California on a show with Alan Ginsburg and the Fugs. We knew the Fugs from their folk-poet days and when we saw them perform we realized electric rock would happen in a big way. The audience loved them. Right away we started to get a band together. We found other folk musicians like David who is a fine bluegrass guitar player. Then we got Bruce who played spoons and he learned to play bass. The trip is, that this all took place in Berkeley and it was a culture in itself. It was like the heart of the peace-youth political movement and it influenced us more than I can say. We had a tough time finding a drummer because there aren't any folk music drummers. We were all folk musicians and all the drummers were on another trip. Then we found Chicken who played jazz drums, but he loved folk music and could write songs with a guitar.

I can play trombone too, but right now guitar and singing is plenty to handle. I want to specialize in those two areas.

I love to jam and I'll play with anybody. I had a ball jumping with Canned Heat because they're into old blues too. Rock music is all very close. Like the Byrds Nashville thing is just an extension of the folk trip we all went through. Canned Heat is out of the old country blues part of folk music.

We discovered something beautiful about rock. The audience can participate in a direct way through dancing. There's that immediate response which folk music doesn't have. It's great to watch people dancing and improvising just like I'm improvising on my guitar.

Just about everybody you can think of who is into modern rock came out of the folk trip. In my folk days I played with members of Grateful Dead, Quicksilver, Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin and a whole bunch of them. Many of the drummers used to be folk guitarists and they switched to drums just to fit into the context of the group. Even the Beatles started off as a sort of a skiffle group.

The Beatles are about the only rock group that really works as a group. They're really together and each member plays a distinctive, important part. That's what we want to grow into and get better at. Rather than develop our individual solo styles, we want to develop a group style and keep making it better and better. □barry & jim



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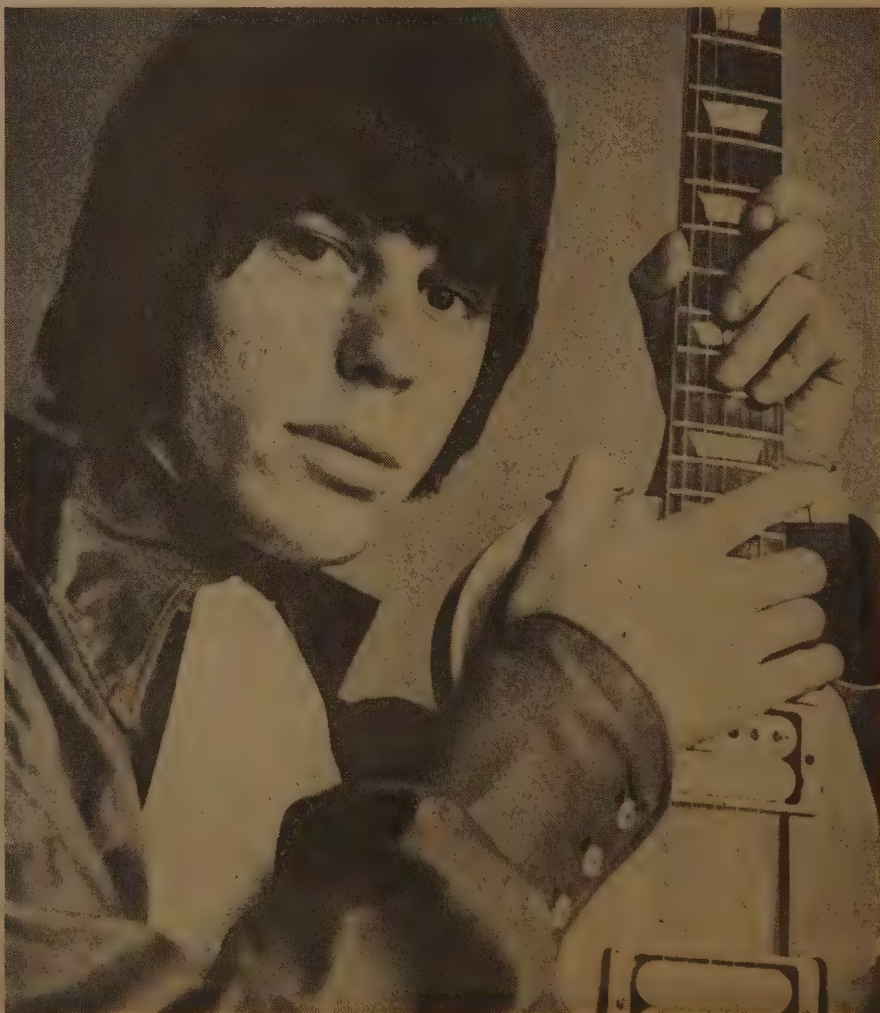
order to keep hip on the scene. Therefore they're highly enjoyable and relaxing. I learn a lot from them as well. Stevie Wonder's vocal timing is sensational. Booker T. doesn't demand anything from you. He just plays and you listen.

It's hard to say. I own thousands of albums and particular favorites don't come to mind. My collection is a huge mixture from classical to pop.

One of my favorite blues albums is "It's My Life" by Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. I love Buddy Guy and I just listen to his guitar on that album. I just like his phrases.

I like to listen to Brahms, Bach and Beethoven too. Then there's a girl cello player, Jacqueline Dupree (Angel Records) that's out of sight. She really wails on those old classical numbers. I saw her in concert and she floored me. She broke a string in the middle of an incredible passage. She stood up and said to the orchestra "Excuse me I have to change a string." She came back and got right into where she left off. Incredible.

I love to listen to the Motown things by the Miracles and the Temptations. I suppose that sounds a bit corny. I also like to hear Janis Joplin and the Chambers Brothers. Let's just say I like music in general. □





LIGHTIN' SLIM TALKS TO
JIM DELEHANT

I was born in St. Louis, Missouri and grew up like most any kid. After school I worked in a grocery store, sold newspapers. It was city living but there wasn't much music around that I remember.

I listened to music on the radio a lot and bought myself an old folk guitar and tried to play it. I'd take that old guitar with me fishing and set under a tree and play it all day. At the time I listened to Lonnie Johnson, Blind Lemon Jefferson and Ma Rainey. My folks got the records and I listened to them. They made me want to play music too. My biggest influence on guitar would be Blind Lemon Jefferson. He played all slow blues numbers. Today, my favorite guitar players are Buddy Guy, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf and Jimmy Reed.

I don't always have to be sad to sing a sad blues but it helps. If you can't find your girlfriend then that's gonna make you sing a sad song. When I get to feeling homesick, I always sing "Lonesome Cabin Blues." If you hear me singing that a whole lot, you know I'm missing home. I'll be thinking about my family. When I'm having money troubles I'll sing any old blues. Money troubles don't bother me like home troubles.

I went as far as the tenth grade and my father died so I had to quit school and go to work to help the family. I got one brother that's a mechanic now. I got to see a few shows that came through town like the "Rabbit Foot Minstrel Shows."

Before my daddy died, he taught me what he knew on guitar. He showed me where my fingers should be to make chords.

When I got older, I moved around a lot to get different jobs. After my mother died, I didn't want to stay around St. Louis anymore. One day I ended up working in a fertilizer plant in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. There was a lot of music going on there and I got real interested in it. I learned to play pretty good so me and a friend, boy got together and went down to

a little town called Gonzales. It was just me and him on drums. That old boy owned a electric guitar besides his drums, so I played it sometimes. We played house parties and dances for two years.

One Sunday morning I was sitting on my front porch learning to play a new blues song called "Bad Luck." A disc jockey drove by and asked me how would I like to record it. That was on the Future label. That was around 1955. The record did pretty good down south so I got me a little band. I had a few more songs and then I went to the Excello label. I played with Moses Smith, Slim Harpo, Buddy Stewart, Rafer Neil Buddy Guy. There was a whole bunch of them. Buddy had his own band down there and then he moved to Chicago.

After I played electric guitar for a while, I liked it a lot and I went and bought my own. Now I own a Gibson guitar and a little Gibson amplifier. All I know is guitar.



I write all my own songs. Some of my favorites are "Bad Luck Blues," "My Starter Won't Start," "Rooster Blues," "Lonesome Bedroom Blues," and "I Can't Be Successful." Today, some of my favorite performers are James Brown, Wilson Pickett, Ray Charles and a few more.

The blues has been a real good thing ever since I got into it. All the places I've ever been, they still love the blues. I still play the same way as when I started. And I love the blues. I'll never leave it. I've been out of the business for close to six years and I just got back a couple of months ago. I've been working in Michigan. My old friend Slim Harpo called me up and asked me if I'd like to be in his band. He talked me into coming back. I'm getting too old to work anyway, so I'd rather play music. Harpo, me and the drummer teamed up years ago in Baton Rouge. We'd just play for friends at a birthday party or wedding or something like that. We never really made any money at it. We had a lot of fun. Slim and I worked in the fields a lot down there but I always had to have another job besides my music.

I was surprised by the New York audiences. I was afraid the white kids wouldn't like my blues. But, they enjoyed it so I gave it everything I had and I felt like I was right at home. I started off with a swing number trying to feel them out, just a little old rock thing, and they didn't seem to like it too much. Then I got into slow blues and they liked it right off.

On some of my old Excello records, there's a piano player. It's a lady from Lake Charles, Louisiana called Katie Weston. She plays nightclubs in Louisiana and Texas. I don't record anymore but I will if I get a good deal from a record company.

I'm really happy working with Slim Harpo now and I'm gonna stay with it as long as it lasts. The more we play, the better we get and there's just three of us. When we get all our songs together, we're gonna be hard to beat. □

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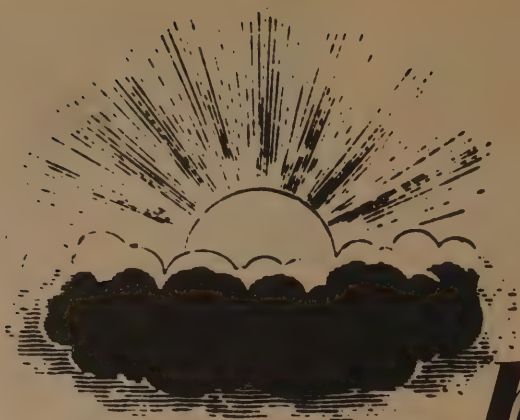
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new stars on the horizon



LISTENING

On March 5, 1968, Ernie Kamanis (drums, guitar, vocals) walked into a rehearsal studio where Michael Tschudin (keyboards, percussion, vocals), Walter Powers III (bass) and Peter Malick (guitar, vocals) were practicing. They needed a drummer and/or a singer. "Do you play?" Ernie who led his own rock group "Just Old Friends" on lead guitar, sat down at the drums and sang.

Four months later, on July 8, Listening began recording its first album for Vanguard.

The day Ernie walked in, the quartet Listening was created. Within one month, they had played on the same bill with the Cream, received a standing ovation at their own concert and played gigs (and jammed) with the Jefferson Air-

plane and the Electric Flag.

Between gigs, they practiced and wrote new material....constantly working towards a more "organic" music. They rented an old store front in South Cambridge, stuffed rags in the cracks, nailed egg cartons on the walls for soundproofing and played from 10 AM until 2 AM the next morning, every morning.

"It's not work, you know. I mean, it's what we like to do...we dig it...so we just sort of lose track of the time...."

"Do you know what time it is?" noted the man in blue.

"No, sir, we...just sort of lost track of the time...."

"What kind of music do you play?" asked the blue man with the flashlight.

"Indian music," says Ernie.... "The blues," says Peter. "Will you

guys shut up! We play religious music."

"It's just music," says Michael Tschudin, musical director and spokesman for the group. And he should know. After some late piano lessons, and an early beginning in classical music, he toured with the Casals Festival Orchestra, followed E. Power Biggs and Fernando Valenti from San Juan to Cambridge, went to Harvard (Class of '66), wrote two Hasty Pudding shows, and then, "I got tired of playing classical music; I needed a change."

Michael continues the story after listening to their album for the first time: "The sessions are over; the tapes are mixed; a few weeks later my producer calls me up and asks me to hear the test pressing. "So this is our first album," I say

to myself. For the first time since I started the group, I sit back and listen, trying to be objective.

"It's impossible to be objective when you hear yourself coming out of two speakers on either side of the room; however, I can really listen at a distance for the first time. I'm not critical; I don't look for mistakes. (Although there are mistakes.) I listen to the album as an entire piece of music....the history of Listening.

"The first two songs that the group learned were "You're Not There" and "Laugh At The Stars." (We recorded the album four months after the group was formed.) These two songs were old friends and each was recorded in two or three-takes at most. But nothing else came so quickly. For two days in the studio, we tried "So Happy," "Forget It, Man" and our jazz tune, "9/8 Song." We tried them slow...we tried them fast...we changed keys and arrangements a few times. We experimented with several new songs, most of which were written in the studio. By the fourth day, we were ready to play it all together.

"Any artist recording a first album must be a little nervous for the first few days in the studio and we were no exception. No matter how many sessions we had recorded for other artists, the first one for ourselves in a new studio was a little uptight. It took us three days to learn how to use the studio, instead of letting it use us. By that time, the remaining songs, as well as some of the other material which could not be included because of the limited space on the record, went relatively smooth.

"But listening to it now, three months after we completed the recording, I hear things I didn't hear before; my ears are a little larger now. The group has grown, everyone carries and supports more than his own weight and that makes us a much heavier group. The group has also heard itself, so we listen more and play less. Where, for example, we had a tendency to overstate a phrase or idea, we now understate or imply the same statement. That statement is our music....the music of styles and no style at all....the juxtaposition of many melodies, each exploring new harmonies and rhythms...dissonances and counter-rhythms...understated lyrics. We are more subtle now, we don't want people to just hear us...we want them to listen."



As pop music becomes an increasingly international phenomenon, it is not surprising that certain musical forms, such as the blues — which was once considered the domain of a certain country and had a certain historical significance — should become increasingly accessible to and popular with audiences and performers of differing nationalities. This is exactly what has happened — and is happening with great fervor — in Britain today. Blues, a notoriously American musical idiom, is enjoying a tremendous resurgence of interest among young audiences throughout the British Isles.

Fleetwood Mac

Among the British groups which are leading this revival is Fleetwood Mac, five young performers who know exactly how they want their blues to sound and have the professionalism to achieve it. They have been hailed as a group "potent enough to make the South

Side of Chicago take notice." **FM Guide** added, "One tends to become tangled in their music; virtually shaking and stomping or wincing, near tears; unable to escape until the piece has ended. And then one is left with a fulfillment; there's something intensely satisfying about the way they play." **FM Guide** concluded its review of the group's debut Epic album, "Fleetwood Mac," with the comment: "This is an LP that will not only introduce you to one of the best young blues groups, but will be a treasured part of any record library and provide an example of some of the finest bottle-neck or slide-style guitar playing on record."

Fleetwood Mac is probably the only blues group around to have three lead guitarists: Green, doing down-to-earth, no-frills-attached rhythm and blues in the style of B. B. King; Spencer, an exponent of a hard-driving sound, emulating

his mentor, the late Elmore James; and Danny Kirwen, a seventeen-year-old guitarist who was a member of the Boiler House, playing in his own unique style.

Because of the differing styles of its lead guitarists; Fleetwood Mac has a vitality and diversity which are exceptional. As **Melody Maker**, one of Britain's most important trade papers, noted, "They blow committed blues and aren't afraid to rock."

A second album, "English Rose," which features a number of the group's original compositions including Peter Green's "Albatross" and "Black Magic Woman," Jeremy Spencer's "I've Lost My Baby" and "Evenin' Boogie," and Danny Kirwen's "One Sunny Day" and "Something Inside Of Me," has just been released in America and shows all signs of becoming a smashing success.

Organized in the summer of 1967 by Peter Green, one of England's

most influential blues guitarists, Fleetwood Mac made its debut performance before enthusiastic crowds at the Windsor Festival. The group consists of Green (guitar, vocals, mouth organ), Jeremy Spencer (guitar, vocals), Danny Kirwen, (guitar, vocals), John McVie (bass guitar) and Mick Fleetwood (drums). Their albums, which generate the same kind of excitement that the group does in person, highlight the composing talents of the three guitarists, Peter Green, Jeremy Spencer and Danny Kirwen, who have composed a number of the twelve tracks on their recent Epic album. Each member of the group has had extensive professional experience playing blues and, with the exception of Spencer (who is one of the leading bottle-neck guitarists in Britain) and Kirwen, has played with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers — Peter Green being the guitarist who replaced Eric Clapton in the Bluesbreakers.

platter chatter

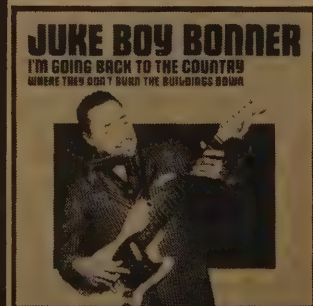
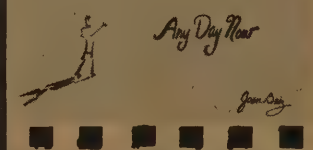
SOUL FOLK IN ACTION puts you into the core of the current pop romance with Gospel music. Musically, the Staple Singers are the most exciting, tight gospel unit going and this album should give them the proper respect they deserve. Steve Cropper has done a magnificent production job, getting the Staple Singers into a more commercial bag, yet retaining their original harmonic groove and syncopation. The songs here all speak of hope and getting together. They're religious in a human sense, like the Staple interpretation of "The Dock of the Bay" and "The Weight." We see them in a new light. The lead voice of Mavis Staples will tear your guts out. Every performance on the album, Mavis is at her emotional optimum. She easily outclasses any female vocalist in the popular gospel-soul genre. Instrumental backing by the Stax houseband is an above average gas. Don't miss this one. (Stax STS 2004)

TRAFFIC isn't as immediately engrossing as "Mr. Fantasy," however Traffic has some sort of secret magic that keeps you wanting more and this new album is over, all too soon. Despite my initial dislike of the album, something made me play it again and again. "Pearly Queen" suddenly wrapped around my brain and I couldn't wait to get home and hear it. Then "40,000 Headmen" snuck in, and the sad reality of "Vagabond Virgin" and Traffic won me over again. The music here is quite simple, built over basic rhythms. Evidently Traffic lost interest in the creative rhythmic excitement embodied in their first album. Perhaps, that's why Winwood split. Their simplicity here, though, borders on gospel dynamics and shows what a good group can do with a few home-made ingredients. (United Artists UAS - 6676)

ANY DAY NOW is an intimately beautiful album, despite your feelings for Joan Baez's crusade. If there is a school of pretty voiced girl singers then Joan must be the prettiest. On this two record set, she performs sixteen Bob Dylan songs, and unlike other performances of Dylan songs, including Dylan himself, every word is crystal clear. Some of the songs you've heard on "Big Pink", "John Wesley Hardin" and various Dylan albums, but there are several brand new ones. The music was recorded in Nashville with a mess of the finest session men plus ex-Buffalo Steve Stills. (Vanguard 79306/7)

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS is too cool. The music is performed with efficiency, it's charming, the band is tight but it's far removed from what's going on in rock. While rock is getting more and more emotional and developing unique rhythmical and harmonic feelings, Blood is getting into areas that turned people away from jazz. The album can be enjoyed on a technical level. Other musicians will probably dig the musicianship, the excellent drumming, but where's the feeling? It boils down to what you dig best, of course. But why can't you dig this too? It's fine music, but can you get into it like the horns with Sam & Dave? (Columbia CS9720)

JUKEBOX BONNER, on the other hand, is strictly emotional music. Bonner is from Texas and he's a one-man band. He plays electric guitar and harmonica in a neck rack and sings and stomps his foot. He obviously likes Jimmy Reed but he puts a lot more into his guitar playing, drawing from the melodic chord structures and rhythms of country blues. He's a modern bluesman though and his songs get into modern problems, like "I'm going back to the country, back to my old hometown, where ain't nobody burning the buildings down." This is an excellent blues album. (Arhoolie F1036)



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HE WANTS DO
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LOVE TO ME

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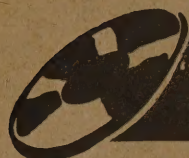
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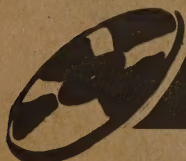
"SOUNDS OF
SILENCE"



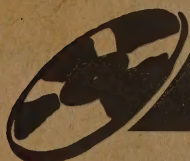
"DAYDREAM"



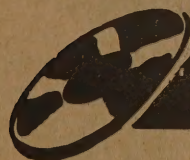
"SUMMER IN
THE CITY"



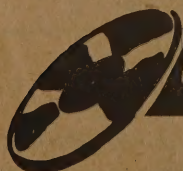
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| 4. Warm And Tender Love | 17. Good Lovin' |
| 5. Pretty Flamingo | 18. Kicks |
| 6. See You In September | 19. Michelle |
| 7. Paint It, Black | 20. Tell Me Why |
| 8. I Am A Rock | 21. Can You Please Crawl |
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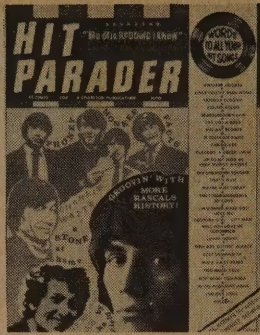
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MAY, 1968

The Supremes
Bee Gees
Lonnie Mack
Pete Townshend
The Doors
Satanic Stones
Monkees At Home

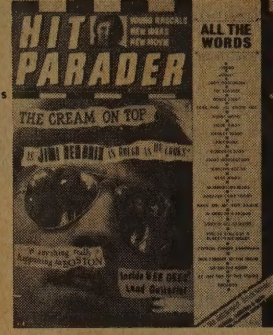
"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

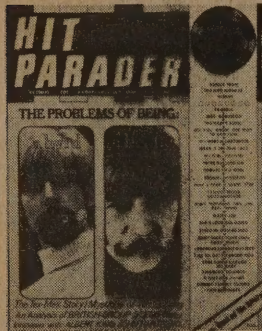
"Valeri"
"Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Wait"
"Since You've Been Gone"



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top
Jimi Hendrix
Moby Grape
Bee Gees' lead guitar
The Rock Revolution

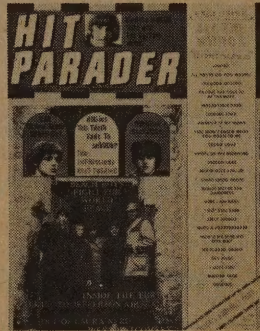
"Honey"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf
Byrds Interview
Ringo Interview
Rolling Stones
Bob Dylan's new album

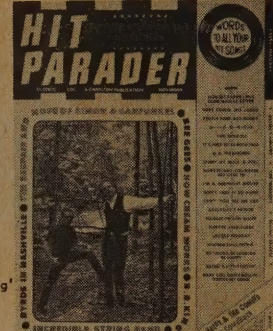
Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"



OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George Martin
Big Cream Interview
Donovan . Hollies
Beach Boys
Impressions
Turtles . Laura Nyro

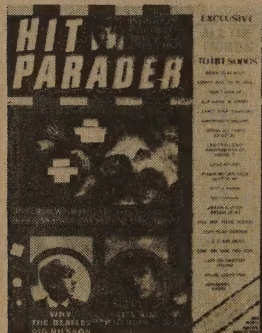
"The Look Of Love"
"MacArthur Park"
"Yester Love"
"Choo Choo Train"
"Master Jack"
"I Love You"
"Angel Of The Morning"



NOVEMBER, 1968

Simon & Garfunkel Special
B.B. King . The Byrds
Cream Interview
The Bee Gees
Discovering Rock
Elvis Meets Tom Jones
Janis Joplin . Alan Price

"Jumpin' Jack Flash"
"Stoned Soul Picnic"
"Folsom Prison Blues"
"Amen"
"I'm A Midnight Mover"
"Here Comes The Judge"
"Divorce"

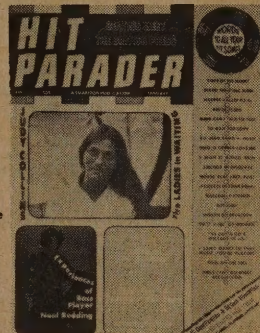


DECEMBER, 1968

Howl Stones Record
Story of Country Rock
Nilsson . Tim Hardin
Interviews with: Aretha Franklin
Donovan . Yardbirds
Paul Butterfield

"Born To Be Wild"
"People Got To Be Free"
"Light My Fire"
"Stay In My Corner"
"On"

"1,2,3 Red Light"
"Hello, I Love You"
"Give A Damn"



JANUARY, 1969

The Ladies of Pop
Blues Business
Bob Dylans' Band
Beatles Meet Press
Traffic . Donovan
Little Richard
Noel Redding

"Piece of my Heart"
"Street Fighting Man"
"Harper Valley P.T.A."
"Revolution"
"Wish It Would Rain"
"Hey Jude"
"Fool On The Hill"



FEBRUARY, 1969

Paul McCartney Adventure
The Story of Recording
Jeff Beck Group
Cream's Double Album
Big Brother
Jose Feliciano
Staple Singers

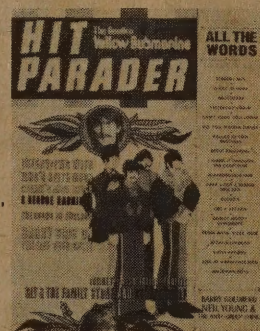
"The Weight"
"White Room"
"Lolena"
"I Met Her In Church"
"Little Green Apples"
"Fool For You"
"Destination Anywhere"



MARCH, 1969

Incredible Clapton
Interview Reveals
Why Cream Split
Steppenwolf
John Sebastian
Blood, Sweat & Tears
McCartney Interview

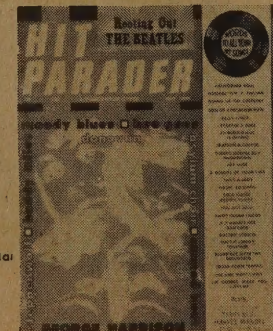
"Those Were The Days"
"For Once In My Life"
"Love Child"
"Who's Making Love"
"Chewy, Chewy"
"Magic Carpet Ride"



APRIL, 1969

Yellow Submarine
Who's Keith Moon
Cream's Jack Bruce
George Harrison
Spirit . Doors
Sly & Family Stone
Association . Traffic

"Sunday Sun"
"Ray Of Hope"
"Yesterday's Rain"
"Cloud Nine"
"Son Of A Preacher Man"
"Wichita Lineman"
"Right Relations"



MAY, 1969

Beatle Special
Buddy Miles
Moody Blues
Canned Heat
Willie Dixon
Donovan
Bee Gees

"California Soul"
"Hooked On A Feeling"
"Going Up The Country"
"I Started A Joke"
"Crimson & Clover"
"Sweet Cream Ladies"
"Cross Town Traffic"

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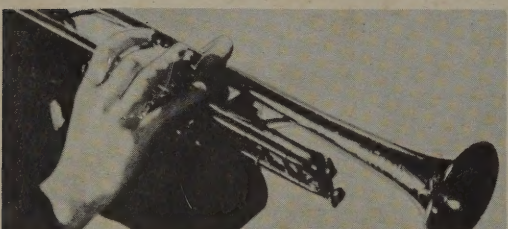
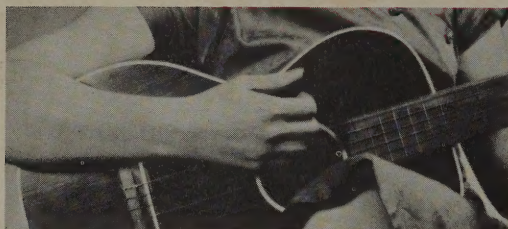
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